THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1863. | VOL. X.—No. 44. PRICE SIX CENTS.

"DIDN'T MEAN IT."

Yes! I know I said I loved you;
But then, Tom, I didn't mean it—
I was joking all the time,
And you surely must have seen it.
But if you will not sit so close,
And behave yourself right well,
Before you go away to-night,
I've a secret, Tom, to tell.

Tom, I went walking yesterday
With Mr. Phillip Ashe—
He's a splendid, dashing fellow,
With a love of a moustache;
And he walks with such an air—
Tom, I wish you could have seen it;
If I said that I loved him,
Why, perhaps, Tom, I might mean it.

Last Sunday night I went to church
With a delightful creature:
His face is fair as any girl's,
So perfect every feature;
And he can sing, and dance, and play,
This charming Charlie Greenit;
And a girl who said that she loved him,
Why, surely, Tom must mean it.

Tom, don't you know that it is wrong
To fly in such a passion,
To fume, and fret, and flounce about
In that unchristian fashion?
Be here, Tom, and behave yourself!
See! here's a seat by me, sir;
I haven't told that secret yet—
Come, guess what it can be, sir.

Still pouting, Tom? Ah! you are vexed
With all my idle chatter,
Or what can make you look so sad?
Tom, tell me what's the matter?
Well, then, forget my silly talk—
You know I didn't mean it:
I was but joking, Tom, indeed;
You surely must have seen it.

Now, Tom, don't squeeze me quite so tight,
But leave a little breath,
So I can tell that secret, Tom,
Before I'm hugged to death.
Darling, I love you as my life!
Ah! Tom, you must have seen it;
See, I am conquered now, at last!
And, Tom, indeed I mean it!

THE TRACK OF BLOOD;

OR,

CRIME IN THE CITY AND WAR IN THE LAND.

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK LIFE,

Among the High and the Low, the Rich and the Poor, the Good and the Bad.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY HECTOR TRIPOD, U. S. A.

CHAPTER VII.

A Race on the Union Course—Visitors from New York—Henry Benson's First View of Celestine Draper—Charles Darcie and Phelim O'Duff Again—Two Female Beauties, and Phelim's Observations on Them—An Itinerant—"Wanted Half a Dollar—An Elderly "Verdant"—Giles on the Track of Vengeance Yet—Abstraction of a Watch—Cry for the Police—Old Acquaintances Meet Again.

There are gay doings to-day on the Union Course, Long Island, for a couple of famous steeds are to contend for a purse of $2,000. The weather is favorable for the event, and a large crowd is already on the ground, numbering some of the "knowing ones," with a due admixture of the "verdant." There, stand half a dozen of the gents up to everything in the sporting world, who do not brag of their knowledge, but have come out to make something out of the race if they can. Not far from them, are a dozen of the would-be sports, who, by their loud talk, betray their utter ignorance of the subject under debate, and whose costumes are extra flashy. New York has sent forth several of its notabilities. There, near the starting post, is Lester Wallack, the actor, on a brown mare; his father, or the "veteran," as the oyster house critics call him, being in a carriage, along with a handsome, though wan-looking lady (his daughter-in-law,) and her children. By and by, in a low, dark-colored vehicle, dash past Laura Keene and her liege lord, the pursey Lutz. Following these, are the Bryants, of minstrel renown; and not far from them, John C. Heenan shows, like a King Saul, towering a head and shoulders above ordinary humanity. The civic dignitary, the soldier, the artist, the professional men in general, the merchant, the clergyman—in fact, all sorts of people are on the Union Course to-day; and a right merry scene they help to make up.

Among the carriage folks, we recognize Edward Bleackley and Celestine Draper, seated side by side, and looking all youth, beauty, and gladness; and Charlie Darcie, in single unblessedness, with the good-humored Phelim O'Duff as driver. Of our down-town characters, there is only a sprinkling, the person most noteworthy being Henry Benson. Dressed in the costume of a gentleman, he might be taken for one, if it were not for something rowdy in his person and manners.

"A stirring scene," he remarked to himself; "plenty here of the birds that uncle of mine is so fond of talking about, and plenty for plucking, too. I wonder which horse will win; but that matter, I suppose, has been settled ere this. That's a handsome carriage yonder, and as I stand here, there's the young fellow in it—he who visited our place in Church street a few weeks ago! She by his side is his intended, I suppose. Plenty of silks on her, I perceive, but I cannot catch her face, which is turned the other way. I wonder if it is a pretty one. Jerusalem!"

This brief exclamation followed quickly upon the view Harry Benson caught of Celestine Draper's face. Very natural was it that he should so express his admiration, for among our New York belles, none stood higher than the daughter of old Draper. Were it possible to daguerreotype her by means of pencil or ink, we would at once dash off at the task, but as that is quite out of the question, we must satisfy ourselves, and we hope the reader, by requesting him to recall the image of the prettiest woman he ever saw, and then to think of one prettier if he can; for that is the only way in which we can arrive at a notion of the fair young lady of whom Edward Bleackley was the accepted lover, and poor Charlie Darcie the rejected.

After his first sight of the belle from the upper regions of New York, the eyes of young Benson sought for no other lovely object during the day. Keeping as close as he could to the carriage containg her and her lover, he was heedless of what was passing around him. The solicitations of venders of fruits and candies, which, had he been less abstracted, would probably have elicited an imprecation from his lips, were allowed to pass unminded. He heard not what odds upon the horses were offered or taken, or the sound of the bell for the start. Even when the race was over, and thousands of people by whom he was elbowed were eloquent about Flora Temple or Patchen, he was entirely ignorant as to which had been the victor.

Though thus partially abstracted, Henry Benson was conscious that a watcher himself, he had been watched for some time by a burly man—none other than Giles—who, also like the sailor, had put on a good suit of clothes. It seemed that the long pent-up anger and hate of this man were about to explode in something terrible. On—on he dogged the steps of Benson. Would he attack him on the course? Time would show.

There were other little events marking that day upon the Union Course, which, as having to do more or less with our story, it is our business to refer to—other specimens of female beauty beside Celestine Draper, to invite the admiration of men. Prior to the starting of the horses, for instance, a hack had come in sight, seated in which were the clerk, John Davies, his daughter, and "help." If was the first appearance of the young woman on any occasion of the kind; while Davies, granted a special holiday by his employer for the purpose, had taken glad avail of it, and was very genial and happy. Arabella and Elsie were happy too, and looked remarkably blooming.

The hack containing the Davies party passed the carriage containing Chas. Darcie. There was a mutual recognition by the aged clerk and the young gentleman ("Darcie the third," that was to be;) nor was that all. Charlie, who had seen Arabella a few times already, was under the impression, for the first time in his life, that she was remarkably good-looking; while Phelim, whose present view he had of her was his introductory one, could not help expatiating on the fascinations of both—on those of the Scottish lass in particular. To something like the following effect did his ruminations go:—

"A very dacent ould gintleman, sure enough; and a pair of fresh-colored bouncing beauties as well; particularly the tallest. Oh! Masther Charlie (O'Duff still communed with himself,) if you want comfort and plasters for a wounded heart, why not strike up to that Vanus yonder? And oh! Phelim, you blackguard! all the way from Ballyoshannon, County Wicklow, ould Ireland, if it is the petticoat you're after, go at once, and say to the other beauty—'Erin go bragh!'" With that, the Irishman whipped his horses to a quicker speed.

"There will be something beside plucking a bird here (thus ran the talk of Henry Benson to himself, after he had seen Celestine Draper for the first time;) at all events, so far as I am concerned. It will be the pursuit of another bird, which I may call a bird of Paradise. Yes; though rich its plumage, lofty its flight, and proud its look, I will seek it, and have it too, though I cage it. I am glad I came here to-day; had I not, I should not have discovered this new and fair object of ambition. But what do I see yonder? Attention! Let me not forget business in pleasure."

The object that attracted the notice of young Benson was an itinerant exhibitor, who, surrounded by a motley throng, was practicing all manner of tricks. Mixed up in the crowd, standing very near to the man, and plainly one of the unsophisticated generation, was an elderly gentleman in black, with a heavy gold chain, garnished by seals, pendant from his fob. For an object needless of explanation to the reader, Henry Benson kept his eye upon this person.

Presently, it being necessary for the due execution of a trick, that a half-dollar piece should be used, solicitation for the same was made by the "operator" in a dress of striped cotton, and whose companion, arrayed in a similar fashion, tumbled in the intervals of the other's conjuring. The coin was speedily produced by the old gentleman in black, who, when the trick had been successfully performed, good-naturedly told the itinerant to retain the money.

"I saw only half of that trick, which seemed to be a good one. Give it again. There is a half-dollar, which you can keep with the other, if you satisfy me with your cleverness."

The man in the striped jacket proposed to do as requested by Benson, while the crowd around, including the old gentleman, looked on again. Meanwhile, Giles, who had been constantly on the trail of Henry Benson, approached the puny man, evidently intent on having a fight. He would have accosted him very roughly, but his action was nipped in the bud.

"I have been robbed! My purse! Where is the thief? Police!"

So did the old gentleman in black exclaim, as he stamped vehemently on the ground, and gave other tokens of his loss and sorrow. "My watch! Secure the thief! Where is the police?" he continued, growing more wild every moment.

The result was the common one in such cases. There was an immense deal of confusion and noise; men elbowed one another, and the police did not come in sight until he who had demanded their presence was quite hoarse, and thoroughly despaired of having the robber brought to justice. In the interval, Benson had executed a little sleight of hand business, infinitely less honest, though much more remunerative than that of the man in the striped suit. In short, he had taken from the old gentleman in black, a gold watch, which, with its appendages, was worth $500. On the first alarm, Giles had consented to defer the settlement of his differences with the sailor, thinking it politic to care for his own safety. Known to the Brooklyn police as a "doubtful character," the chances were that he might be nabbed on suspicion did he wait the coming of the blue-coated and brass-buttoned guardians of the peace. He therefore beat a hasty retreat. Leaving the Union Course behind him, he emerged into the ordinary road, just as the carriage containing young Darcie was being driven by. The sharp-eyed Phelim O'Duff recognized his old acquaintance of Broadway; Giles was also conscious of Phelim's identity. A malignant scowl distorted the features of the ruffian; a good humored, half mischievous smile passed over the features of the Irishman.

"Again, by St. Patrick!" he exclaimed. "The man himself, though in a different case. So much the better; I shall the more readily spot him, should there ever be a necessity. Good-bye, black mug!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Dangers to the Rich in a Great City—A Certain Lady of an Uncertain Character—Mrs. Lorrimer and Mr. Mortimer Jennings—Brief Inquiries and Brief Replies—An Invitation to Dinner—Conspirators of Social Life—What Will be the End?—Time, the Revealer of All, Can Alone Tell.

Many are the dangers which hedge in the path of a rich young man in a city like New-York. Edward Bleackley could not be expected to be above these; indeed the presumption might have been that he was exposed to them in a singular manner, on account of the goodness of his character. He had a feeling heart and an open hand. As objects for these, there were a multitude in the metropolis, all legitimates; the illegitimates might be counted to a much higher amount.

It has been shown how his pocket was to be attacked through the instrumentality of the gang with which the Bensons were connected; it remains to be explained how his love (as it is called) as well as his money, was to be sought by a female desperado. She of whom we speak had been a resident of New York for many years, and at the date of our story, was not what people would call old, but what a stranger might describe as young, through the aid of arts of which she availed herself. Known as Mrs. Lorrimer, it was doubtful whether she had ever been married at all. "Protectors" she had in plenty—all rich men, and some distinguished, among whom were three or four members of Congress, and a few aspiring politicians. This Mrs. Lorrimer was present, to view the racing on the Union Course, on the day we have described; and to judge from the fact of her being alone in her carriage, the inference were allowable that she was taking an interval between her "protectorates." Altogether, she was a woman of marked appearance, with a handsome face and figure, and dressed in the best of style.

Idly wandering round the ground, the eye of Mrs. Lorrimer chanced to fall on Edward Bleackley, then seated in a carriage by the side of Celestine Draper. The impression made by the young man's handsome appearance on the susceptibilities of the frail lady was strong and instantaneous. Debarred the circle in which he and his fair companion moved, it is not strange that Mrs. Lorrimer should be ignorant of their names. This ignorance, so far as Bleackley was concerned, vexed her. She was panting to know who and what the young man was. The opportunity for gratifying her curiosity was soon presented on the arrival on the grounds of an old acquaintance of Mrs. Lorrimer—a Mr. Mortimer Jennings. If rumor was to be credited, this person had once been on terms of intimacy with Mrs. Lorrimer, but had been quietly got rid of when his exchequer failed. He came upon the course, mounted on a goodly black horse, and was hailed by his former "friend."

As a new character, and one that has to play a part in our story, Mr. Mortimer Jennings deserves a description. In age, he might have been about thirty-five, while, in figure, he was of the medium height, and strongly built. A dark complexion and hair, small dark eyes, high cheek bones, and heavy fringe of beard and moustaches (the two joining,) were the chief points of his face; added to a nose slightly depressed on the bridge, and a thin-lipped mouth. His dress was fashionable, though slightly out of the orthodox; in fact—it might be described by its classification between the habits of Edward Bleackley and Henry Benson, and the statement that it was best fitted for what is known as a "gentleman swell."

The compliments of the day reciprocated, the following brief conversation ensued between Mrs. Lorrimer and Mortimer Jennings:—

"Pray, can you tell me who those are?" asked Mrs. L., as she indicated with the top of her parasol the persons she referred to. She was burning to know; but so perfect a mistress of herself was she, that the words she uttered seemed to be prompted by the merest curiosity.

"The gentleman is Mr. Edward Bleackley—the lady, Miss Celestine Draper," was the brief reply of Mr. Jennings.

"Rich?" asked Mrs. Lorrimer, applying a tiny scent bottle to her nostrils.

"Quite so," responded Jennings. "Mr. Bleackley is an only son, and his father is a merchant and millionaire; Miss Draper is an only daughter—an only child, in fact. Her father, too, lays claim to her six cyphers after the unit."

"Engaged?" again queried the lady, as though she could not spare more than single words on a subject so indifferent to her as the one she had broached.

"I believe so," replied her companion. He too was growing remarkably brief.

"Rather good-looking," observed Mrs. Lorrimer, with a quizzing-glass at her eye.

"Which?" asked Jennings.

"Why, the lady, to be sure."

But Mrs. Lorrimer told a falsehood. It was the gentleman on which she was gazing.

"And he—Bleackley, I mean," remarked Jennings—"he certainly is good-looking too."

"Tolerably so; but I have been looking most at the lady."

Another falsehood from the wily Mrs. Lorrimer, who was just commencing the game she anticipated to play to her own advantage.

"Do you know either of the parties?" Mrs. Lorrimer resumed after a brief pause.

"Miss Draper I have met in company two or three times—Bleackley I have rather a better acquaintance with." So replied Mr. Jennings.

"Very good," was the simple observation of the lady. Then, as though carrying her thoughts far away, from Edward Bleackley and Celestine Draper—far away, too, from the scene around her—she asked, "Will you dine with me this evening?"

Jennings said he would with pleasure. For the rest of the afternoon he remained in close attendance on Mrs. Lorrimer, between whom and himself a very animated conversation was maintained. The two knew what, by a figure of speech, is understood as "everybody" about them, and in a few instances, where one might be deficient in this respect, the other came to the rescue; so that talk never lagged, and few of the prominent figures that had come forth that day to witness a fine race, escaped their fitting review.

Mrs. Lorrimer and Jennings left the course at the termination of the contest, along with the rest, and proceeded to the residence of the former, where Mortimer bade the lady a temporary farewell, having to go to his own place to dress for dinner.

It was an odd sort of a house—that in which Mrs. Lorrimer lived. Situated on Broadway, not far from the Metropolitan Hotel, its front presented a surface of bright red brick. It was of only three floors; with a flight of six stone steps leading to the entrance, which was always open in the day time, and on the right of which there was a door, half of glass, while, straight ahead, at the distance of eight feet, was a door all wood, closed, and furnished with a knocker, silver cased, also with a bell handle of the same material. The parlors of this house were occupied by a fashionable milliner and dress-maker, a lady who also wrote the fashion articles for a picture newspaper. The upper portion was rented by Mrs. Lorrimer, who had furnished it in a very elegant manner. Yet, somehow, nobody could enter those rooms without feeling doubtful about the character of the place. Too little light and too much perfume were, in themselves, sufficient to excuse this doubt.

The dinner to which Mortimer Jennings had been invited was discussed in due course, and that gentleman had taken leave of Mrs. Lorrimer. Night had set in, yet still were the thoughts of that wily woman running on Edward Bleackley, just as the thoughts of the desperadoes down in Church street were doing at the same moment. A double attack was to be made on him from quarters so different, and by parties apparently so far removed from complicity in the same deed. Caution was required by each—the greater on the side of the woman, who had two passions to gratify ere she had done with the betrothed of Celestine Draper: thirst for money and what she ridiculously called love, but which rather was unmitigated lust. As we said at the beginning of this chapter, many are the dangers which hedge in the path of a young man dwelling in New York. Edward Bleackley was about to be exposed to those dangers in an eminent degree. Would he be ultimately sacrificed to them? or would he prove to be a conqueror? He needed some aiding hand, to free him from the net that desperate and wicked people were trying to cast around him.—To be continued.

A "ROGUE" ELEPHANT.

A PLANTER'S STORY.

I had been settled more than a year upon my coffee estate in the wild jungles of Ceylon, when one morning, during the idle season, as I stood before my bungalow, gaping, stretching, and wondering how I might best amuse myself for the day, a coolie servant came running up to me, heated and panting, and placed in my hands the following note:—

George Raymond, Esq.—Will you come over at once to my plantation, and join in the chase or hunt of a rogue elephant, which is abroad somewhere in the vicinity, and committing sad depredations, to the great terror of the natives, who fear him more than they do the Evil One? It is the duty of every man, who can bring a good nerve and rifle, to turn out in defence of his surroundings, to say nothing of the sport. Hoping to receive a favorable answer through the bearer, Moonshee, in case you do not bring it yourself, I am, dear sir,

Your obedient servant,

Mango Hill Retreat, Charles Hollingsworth.
Tuesday, 7 o'clock, A. M.

Nothing at the moment could have given me more pleasure [illegible] sport would certainly have that spice of danger so necessary to quicken blood, that had become too sluggish under the enervating influence of the sweltering tropics.

"Tell your master I am coming, Moonshee, if I do not reach him before you do," said I, as I turned away to get my rifle and ammunition—including zinc balls—for lead is too soft for an elephant's head—and order my horse under saddle in the quickest possible time.

Half an hour saw me on my way to Mango Hill Retreat, distant ten miles, with three coolies running alongside, and keeping pace with my impatient gallop; and as I dash along, let me tell you what the term "rogue elephant" means, in case you have never heard it before.

In the forest and jungles of Ceylon, at the time I lived there, there were hundreds and thousands of wild elephants, which generally moved about in small herds, and were not usually dangerous to man, though quite destructive to property; so much so, that government had set a price upon the head of each. In herds, as I have said, these huge animals were but little feared, even by the natives; but it occasionally so happened, from what cause I have never been able to learn, that an old tusker would become detached from his companions, and, like a maddened human Malay, seemed to devote the remainder of his life to running a muck—or; in other words, to attacking and killing every living thing he could reach, whether man or beast; and all from pure malice—from an infernal fury that nothing but his own death could appease. With one of these furious monsters abroad, no one was safe. Fences were no barriers to his progress—a cooley hut might be crushed like the shell of an egg—a bungalow be brought crashing about the ears of the master, and even a whole village has been half destroyed and the inhabitants put to flight by a single beast! In the language of the country, this dangerous animal was termed a rogue elephant, though mad elephant would have been a far more appropriate appellation. When one of these was abroad, it was the duty of every man, as the note to me expressed, to turn out, and hunt him to the death, and I was now hastening forward to perform the part of a good citizen.

When half way between my house and Hollingworth's, in a wild, romantic part of the country, just where the road or path I was pursuing led down into a dark valley across a bright stream into a strip of level jungle, the coolies running by my side, and whose forest sight is almost as keen and as sure as an American Indian's, suddenly stopped and yelped out in terror, pointing to some huge fresh footprints that the rogue elephant had just passed.

"How do you know these impressions were not made yesterday?" I inquired, stopping to examine them.

"See, master!" returned a bright-eyed fellow, called Lunekee, pointing to the bushes against which the huge animal had pressed; "him brush off dew!"

"Ah! very true; you are right. Well, then, he may be near! and perhaps we may meet and conquer him alone! which would would be a triumph indeed."

"Him plenty much savage; fight like much devil!" rejoined Lunekee, looking timorously around at his timid companions, and evidently willing to forego all glory which could only be gained at so much personal risk.

"But I have my rifle," said I; "two barrels, zinc balls, pretty sure shot, and if I can find him, I am determined to try my hand, devil or no devil."

Just at this moment, as if in answer to my challenge, there came a loud, bellowing, trumpeting roar from the deep jungle before me, followed by the rustling, snapping, and crashing sounds of some tremendous body making a quick way through a dense thicket.

"Him coming! him coming!" cried the frightened coolies, and they suddenly vanished like the witches of Macbeth, but rather into a thick forest than "thin air," leaving me to run or stay as inclination might prompt.

I must confess, that inclination pleaded earnestly for an inglorious retreat, and my gallant steed was evidently of the same mind, for he wheeled, reared, plunged, and would have gone off like a shot, if I had not sawed him down to a fine dance. How could I shoot from the back of such a beast?

Whiz! flash! rush! what is that? A spotted deer passes me like a bolt of lightning, scared by that terrific trumpeting and crashing, which makes even the boldest beast of the jungle tremble. Shall I stand and await his onset, for he is evidently coming this way and will soon be here? No! my horse is too restive, the ground too uncertain; better get my first view of the monster from the top of yonder hill. Away I go, horse and rider of one mind this time, and in a minute I have wheeled upon an elevation that overlooks the spot where I first heard the answering challenge of everybody's foe. There he comes, tusks first, and huge ones, too, showing he is an old bull, trunk up, bellowing out defiance, eyes fiery red and awfully wicked, and tail lashing his sides in fury. Thank God! there is some distance between us, and I yet have the chance of fight or flight!

"Better run much, else climb a tree a good deal, master!" says a voice over my head; and looking up in surprise, I see Lunekee snugly posted in the upper branches of a tall tree, and another glance shows his companions similarly situated to the right and left of him.

If I fight the elephant, I must depend on myself and horse, and count nothing on my timid servants, or any human aid. Am I prepared for the risk? I look down at the mad beast, and he looks up at me; and then, without half the consideration that I have taken in the matter, forward he comes, crushing the bushes, snapping the smaller trees like pipe stems, bent on my destruction! It is a little too much of the dare, of the bravado, to suit my easily-excited-and-not-over-amiable temperament, and so, slipping down from my snorting horse, and passing the bridle over my left arm, I call out in defiance:

"Come on, you savage monster, and get what you don't seek. Be it life or death, I will have one shot at you now, and then see who is lord of the forest; man, with his puny strength and giant intellect, or brute, with his tremendous physical power and blind instinct!"

I aim at his forehead, but wait for him to come near, with my frightened horse pulling at the bridle, and making my sight unsteady. On he comes, with his mad rush and thundering crash, a sight to make any nervous man's heart flutter like a caged bird, and when within twenty paces of me, bang! bang! go both barrels.

He is hit in the head, but not killed, and madder than ever with the sting of pain, he flourishes his trunk, trumpets forth his wild fury, and increases his speed, to reach and crush me like a troublesome moth. There is nothing for it now but flight, swift flight; a few seconds more and he will be upon me, and I shall be among the things that were, and fairly swinging myself upon my horse, with an agility worthy of a Camanche Indian, I gave my noble brute the spur and the rein, and away we go over the hill at break-neck speed—rocks, bushes, and trees not once considered in our race for life.

Seeing my danger, the coolies, posted beyond the reach of the elephant, now shout and scream to attract his attention, and draw him off from the pursuit. He hears the noise, glances upward with his fiery eyes, and turns to seek the nearest foe. The tree of Lunekee receives his mad favor, and he rushes at that; he butts it an awful blow with his huge tusks—a blow that jars and shakes it like a small earthquake—makes every limb and leaf quiver, and almost unseats the poor fellow, who clings to it with all his strength and hopes of life. Then he seizes it with his trunk, bellows forth his rage, exerts all his mighty force, and bends and shakes it as I might bend a birch; and then retreating to gather headway, he butts at it again, ripping off the bark, and goring it with his tusks, but failing to bring down his human prey.

By this time he seems to have forgotten me altogether; but I have not forgotten him. Checking my horse at a safe distance, I proceed to reload my two barrels, with zinc balls, in the greatest possible haste; and before he is satisfied to turn and seek another victim, I spur my horse up to a dangerous vicinity—get him quiet for a moment, just in the nick of time—and blaze away again, directly at the monster's head.

This time, thank God, my aim has been true, and both balls go through his thick skull, and sink into his brain. He stops, staggers, reels—gets a dim view of me—tries to make another charge, steps out feebly—totters, and falls with a loud crash, sending forth the wildest bellows of rage and pain, and then lies so helpless on his huge side that even a child need no longer fear him. A few half-smothered groans—some convulsive jerks—a quivering throughout the great mass—and all is over; the body and limbs grow still, and the furious, formidable, dreaded rogue elephant is dead.

No general, after a great victory, ever felt his triumph more triumphantly than I did, as I quietly walked up—seated myself on the dead monster of the wilderness—and received, like a king upon his throne, the congratulations and praises of my joyful servants, who now gathered around me, shouting and dancing.

Leaving the beast in their charge, I remounted my horse, and finished my ride to Mango Hill Retreat, where I found Hollingsworth and some half a dozen others, only waiting for my arrival to begin the perilous hunt to which I had been invited. When I told them my adventure, they could hardly credit my story, and rode back with me to be confirmed of its truth.

PLAYING "POLICY" IN ITALY.

A few days before Roggia was hanged at Milan, his confession was, of course, to be had in all parts of the city for a half-penny. In this document the Milanese were urged to repent of their crimes—to play numbers 18, 7, and 62—to lead virtuous lives with the proceeds—and to pray for the soul of the undersigned. Of course, the confession was a pure invention; but its framers at least knew upon what instincts they could safely speculate. The following is related of a young man of family, who has sacrificed everything—fortune, reputation, peace of mind, and intellect—to his devouring passion.

One evening he returned home out of humor, and found his wife with a few friends, and the tables laid out for cards. He drew his lady apart, and very mildly remonstrated at the dissipation.

"What!" cried the wife, "do you grudge me a game at faro—you that have spent 30,000 sequins of my money—and keep me in this state, with barely four rags to my back, and without a stiver?"

Instantly the husband's brow relaxed.

"Stop!" he cries; "what do I hear? Thirty thousand, four rags, one stiver? I'll go at once and play the numbers."

We will also here relate the successful trick said to have been played at Milan many years ago, and before the introduction of the railway and electric telegraph. In those days, owing to the slowness of communication between the Lombard cities, the provincial receiving houses were allowed to remain open for some hours after the closing of the central office. In this manner it was possible to continue playing at these branch establishments, although the numbers had actually been drawn in Milan, or wherever the central office was. An individual at Bergamo, resolved to make a bold stroke for fortune, sent a confederate to Milan to copy down the numbers as they issued from the wheel. This was done; the result of the extraction was despatched to Bergamo by means of a carrier pigeon, the principal of the trick boldly played on the five numbers of a local office, and soon afterwards lodged his claim for a sum which would have made him "rich beyond the dreams of avarice." The authorities demurred, and instituted inquiries which resulted in the detection of the fraud. The tribunal, however, before which the case was brought, decided, after a long deliberation, in favor of the cunning rascal, and the Government lost the money, as it well deserved to do, for its stupidity.

A case which occurred a few weeks ago in Turin, deserves a passing mention, as it illustrates the consequences which are entailed by the fatal passion. A poor tailor had somehow scraped together a promising terno, or series of three numbers. Having to make a sudden journey, he gave the numbers to a friend, with strict injunctions to play them for a good stake. A day or two passed, the numbers were drawn, and the tailor's terno came out as large as life. Panting with excitement, the gambler rushed to the house of his friend.

"Quick, quick! give me the ticket; all my numbers are out."

"The ticket!" echoed his friend, with an air of a man who is recalling some forgotten circumstance, and diving his hand into his pocket for the tailor's slip of paper. "Here are your numbers, *Che bestia!* I forgot to play them!"

The poor tailor, like our friend, the iconoclast, is now a raging madman.

Comical Sport.—Many years ago, in England, when travelers were wont to journey on horseback, and sleep two in a bed at taverns, the following droll incident occurred at Chester: Two young bloods stopped at the Red Fox tavern, and while going up to bed late at night (it being hot weather), they discovered the door of one of the bed-rooms open. It so happened that a Scotchman and Irishman were both asleep in the bed; and the Irishman had "kicked the kivver off," and one of his legs lay naked and nearly out of bed. "I'll have some sport now," said one of the bloods to his mate, "if you'll hold the light a minute." The candle was held while the young chap went in, and, taking up one of the Irishman's spurs (travelers on horseback wore spurs in those days), buckled it on the heel of Paddy's naked foot. He then gave Paddy's leg a pinch, and hid himself behind the door. Paddy (though not awakened) drew his leg suddenly back, and in this way sadly damaged the Scotchman's naked leg with the spur. "The de'el d—n you," exclaimed Donald, rubbing his leg, "an' ef ye dinna gang oot o' bed and cut yer toe nails, I'll soon be gettin' up and throw yer oot th' window, yer loot!" The Irishman still slept soundly, and soon put his leg back in its old position, when the young joker who had put on the spur stole up to the bed and pinched his leg the second time. In went the leg again, the spur striking the Scotchman's leg, who now got in a terrible passion, and began to pummel Paddy, exclaiming, as usual, "Get oot o' bed and cut yer toe nails, ye loot! do you fash a Christian mon to stan' such a rough diggin'!" This waked up the Irishman, who at that moment bringing the spur to bear on his own other leg, vaulted out of bed. Having procured a light, he looked down at the spur with the greatest astonishment. "By me sowl," said he, "what stupid a fool is the hostler of this inn; sure an' he tuk off me boots whin I wint to bed, and has left on one ov me spurs. Strange it is I didn't notice it." This explanation being satisfactory to Donald, harmony was restored, while the author of the mischief sneaked out of the room to his own nest.

Wonders of Anatomy.—In a life of fifty years, a man makes upwards of 500,000,000 of respirations, drawing through his lungs one hundred and seventy tons weight of air, and discharging nearly twenty tons of the deleterious carbonic acid, and a quantity of ten cubic feet of air per minute is required to supply him with the amount of oxygen necessary for the performance of this function, whilst the constant change of the atmosphere is evidently imperative to get rid of the products of respiration and the effluvia from the body.

A Boil Not Much After All.—When people are troubled with the affliction commonly known as boils, they generally complain of the painful character thereof. Yet a "bile," according to the Unabridged, is only "a circumscribed subcutaneous inflammation, characterized by a pointed pustular tumor, and suppurating with a central core; a pernunculus." A little thing like that ought not to be painful!

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1863.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

McINTYRE, N. Y.—"1. By what traits can game roosters be known, and when do the hens commence to lay their eggs? If, for instance, I have a lot of March 1862 fowls, what time will the hens commence to lay, being well cared for? 2. How is the disease called pip engendered, and how is it cured? 3. What food is it best to give to make the hens lay? 4. Is it not too late to cut the combs of the roosters? How are combs generally cut, and is there not some kind of salve used? Is not the comb, when cut, seared with a red-hot iron?".....1. Game cocks may generally be known by their plumage, that is to say, long hackle and long saddle feathers, and long flowing tail; in these respects they differ from all other domesticated fowls. There are other distinguishing features (known only to connoisseurs) difficult to point out in this brief reply. Early spring pullets commonly lay the same fall or the following spring. 2. Poor, damaged, or unwholesome food engenders pip, as well as other diseases; hot food should be avoided by all means. Some people cure pip by giving a lump of butter (size of an acorn) well mixed with black pepper. 3. Oats, whole or ground, are the best feed for hens laying, or those about to lay; occasional access to *fat* meat is of great importance. 4. Cocks may be dubbed at any time of year, provided at this season they are kept in a moderately warm room until their combs and gills are perfectly healed. The best instrument for dubbing is a pair of sharp scissors; no salve nor searing is necessary; a good styptic, is powdered chalk or wheat flour.

A., Philadelphia.—"At a pigeon shoot which lately took place 'down the Neck,' a difficulty occurred, and your opinion is required to decide the dispute. It is this:—One of the men is on the stand, engaged in shooting at his number of birds; when he is ready to shoot, he gives the signal to the trapper to pull the string; he does so; the bird is thrown out, and flies directly towards the shooter, and alights on the ground among the spectators. The shooter does not fire at the bird, but takes a few steps, and picks it up, claiming it to be counted in his favor; his opponent objects, and insists that it should be scored a lost bird Arguments were advanced in support of each claim, but your judgment is asked for, independent of all argument.".....It is no bird; that is, it counts for neither party, and the shooter must shoot at another bird. The rule says—"Should a bird not fly when the trap is pulled, and the shooter does not call out 'no bird,' but shoots at it either on the trap or on the ground, and misses it, it shall be scored lost; but should he kill the same, it does not score either way, but he must shoot at another bird."

P. C., Hoosick Falls.—"T. B. and H. E. agree to fight a main of cocks. They show 7 cocks a side, and 5 fall in. H. E. wins the first match and T. B. wins the two following matches. In the next match H. E. claims his cock made last fight when T. B.'s handler took the count and counted out undisputed before H. E.'s cock showed fight. Admitting H. E.'s cock made last fight and T. B.'s handler took the count and counted out undisputed, who wins?".....If we understand your statement, and it is admitted that H. E.'s cock made last fight, we are of opinion that it is his battle and so decide. Rule 15, says:—If both cocks refuse fighting until four, five, or more or less tens are counted, the pitters shall continue their count until one cock has refused ten times, for when a pitter begins to count, he counts for both cocks.

NEWSDEALER, Washington, D. C.—"When John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers fought, was it not for the belt and championship of the world, or simply for the belt and championship of England?".....In reality, it was for the belt and championship of England; but as the champion of England must ever be ready to fight any man in the world, providing the contest takes place in England, and as Heenan offered to meet the English champion on his own ground, the match became invested with a sort of international importance, and by some was looked upon as a fight for the championship of the world; in truth, however, the Heenan and Sayers fight was for the belt and championship of England. There is no belt for the championship of the world.

JOHN SMITH, 38th N. Y. Vols.—"A and B are playing All Fours. The Jack of trumps is dealt to A. On the hand being played, Jack is the lowest trump, but is taken by B with the ace of trumps. B claims high, low, Jack, game; and A claims low also. Which is right; and how should the game be scored?".....A is right. Because B took A's Jack, he (B) is not entitled to the point for low any more than he would have been had he taken any other card that would have been the lowest. The point for Jack, however, he is entitled to. B, therefore, is entitled to three points and A to one.

G. G. E., Philadelphia, Pa.—There are quite a number of plays in which the necessity is not absolute that a lady should take part. Among them "Unwarrantable Intrusion," "No One Round the Corner," "Bachelor's Bedroom," "Two Gay Deceivers," "Taming a Tiger," "Sent to the Tower," "Fast Train," and "Box and Cox." There are female characters in most of the foregoing, but the part may be taken by the prompter or some one behind the scenes.

GREEN POINT.—"1. Four men are playing Euchre, partners The dealer is ordered to take up the trump and his opponent plays it alone. Can the dealer play it alone against him? 2. T. bets H. five dollars that he can beat M. shooting at five pennies. H. calls on M., who refuses to shoot. The match was made play or pay, and to be shot inside of one hour; T. had his gun ready to shoot. Who wins?".....1. No. 2. Being play or pay, T. wins the money.

R. D. J., Batavia.—If chicken pox be the disease (as it would appear by your description) with which your fowls are afflicted, the following is a cure:—Mix well together a half ounce of blue vitriol with a half ounce of water; scrape off the wart or pock with a small stick or other instrument, and touch the sore with the solution. If one application does not suffice, repeat until a cure is effected.

CRIBBAGE, Washington, D. C.—A and B are playing cribbage, A plays his last card, B hold three eights, plays two of them, and takes two points, he then plays the third and takes six points and one for the last, nine points in all. Is he entitled to seven or nine?".....He is entitled to nine, viz., two for pair, six for pair-royal, and one for last card.

CAMP B., Frederick, Md.—Boston and Fashion ran their first race for a purse at Camden, New Jersey, previous to their great match for $20,000. In this race for the purse, Fashion beat Boston, as she also did in their great match subsequently on the Union Course, L. I.

BURNT CORK, N. Y.—1. One James is not the other James, although blessed with the same indicative appellative. 2. The gentleman could dilate with equal fluency on one as well as the other, probably; and if he don't, somebody else will one of these days, perhaps.

J. P., Washington, D. C.—1. We are not able to give you the company Jack Boyne belongs to. We may hear from Boyne again in reply to Tuohey, and will then post you. 2. There may be professors of boxing in your city, but we cannot locate them. Ask Ed Price.

COCK OF THE WALK, Detroit.—Your notice of the fowls is an advertisement, the same as a similar one lately published in our paper. Even if it were admissable as a notice, without some other guarantee, or bona fide endorsement, it would be worthless.

BOB, Detroit.—The best hands in Bluff are four aces, or four kings and an ace. With either of these hands, "in the bright lexicon of youth," as somebody says, "there's no such word as fail."

A. R. R., Chicago, Ill.—A copy of the manuscript of "The American Cousin," might possibly, if solicited in a proper manner, and for a consideration, be obtained perhaps, by addressing either Mr. Sothern, Mr. Chanfrau, or Miss Laura Keene.

W. G. B., Fishkill, N. Y.—We know little or nothing of the conductors of lotteries, therefore are unable to vouch for their honesty. We would advise you, however, not to try your luck. If you do, some day you will miss "suthin."

CORPORAL, Zanesville, O.—If your friend did not pocket the ball in a legitimate manner as prescribed by the laws of billiards, you win the bet. Catch bets like the one in question, are unfair.

R. A. W., Washington, D. C.—1. The particular numbers you require cannot be had "for gold," which is about as strong an answer as we can give. 2. No intrusion whatever.

W. H. J., Indianapolis.—Many thanks to you. It occupies a prominent place in our "big book."

CONSTANT READER, Indianapolis.—Miss Jane Coombs is in Philadelphia. See dramatic department.

P. P., Philadelphia.—If not dead, they have doubtless retired from the stage. We have no knowledge of them at present.

XEJ, Detroit.—Thanks, but you were forestalled in regard to news.

A. S. H., Sing Sing.—Coburn and Price fought May 1, 1856, at Still Pond, near Boston, 161 rounds, in 3h. 20min.

J. M. C.—1. We are not aware of Coburn's challenging Ed Price since the time you specify. 2. Coburn's the tallest.

YOUNG FRANKS, Co. K, 41st Regt.—The gentleman hails from Philadelphia, and is, we believe, Mr. J. H. Hanlon.

S. T., Pittsburgh.—Charley White has published several books. Which one do you refer to?

J. A. E. S.—Two points only can be scored.

J. H. M., near Fredericksburg, Va.—Will appear in our next.

JOHNNY M., Boston.—All right. "Mum's the word."

GREAT DOG PICTURE.—One of the finest specimens of oil-painting, called the Dog Indignation Meeting, in reference to the City Dog Tax, by J. Lockhart Smith, is now on exhibition at the Astor House bar-room, and is to be raffled off next Saturday evening, the 14th inst. Visitors will be well repaid by dropping in to see the picture, and when once seen, the desire to possess it will become very strong. The rate of chances are quite reasonable, and there's to be raffling for chances every evening. See advertisement in another column.

THE INTERNATIONAL PRIZE BATTLE
BETWEEN
THE AMERICAN UNKNOWN AND JEM MACE.
THE MYSTERY NOT YET CLEARED UP.
ANOTHER CANDIDATE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The mystery in which the identity of the American Unknown is enveloped, had not been cleared away at latest advices from England, and the date of the next deposit was being looked forward to with interest, as it was hoped that something would then leak out sufficient to indicate "the coming man." "A quiet tongue shows a wise head," is a proverb that usually turns out to be true; we hope it will be so in this case, as we think it will, judging from the past, and we are of the opinion that the Unknown will remain unknown still, until the specified time for keeping the secret shall have elapsed. There appears to be a strong desire and conviction on t' other side, amounting almost to a certainty, that he will turn out to be an American, however, and so far as wishes are concerned, they are strongly seconded here. By way of throwing all the light we can on the pugilistic mystery, we append the remarks of the *Sporting Life* of Jan. 21.

"There is nothing fresh stirring respecting the Unknown, although supposition has a wide range, and points to several quarters. A few of the knowing ones aver that when the day arrives for naming the Unknown, it will prove to be the stalwart Tom King. From authority we believe to be reliable, we are given to understand that he will prove to be an American, and one likely to turn out a rough customer. Tom King has returned the belt to the stakeholder in a perfect state of preservation, where it will remain until the result of the match between Mace and the Unknown is known. Should either Mace or King wish to borrow the belt for the sake of showing at any benefit, it will be lent to him for that day, on his depositing the value, and giving a guarantee to return it next day. The day for the next deposit has not been fixed, but will have to be named by the friends of the Unknown on Friday, Jan. 23.

Another candidate for the trophy and honor accruing to the championship, has turned up in the person of Young Ben Caunt, son of the late Ben Caunt, who has made his intention known of taking time by the forelock, and staking £10 to fight the winner. Bene for Ben.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

The match between Joe Coburn and Tom McCoole has been the pervading topic of conversation in all kinds of places the past week, many believing it will never come to anything at all. What makes the case more singular, is the fact that the men have never seen each other, or hadn't when the match was made, neither had McCoole's principal backer become acquainted with him. We were ourselves somewhat surprised that McCoole didn't show at our office when the articles were drawn up, for if anybody had a right to "put in his oar," Tom did. There are but $20 a-side up at present, and the next deposit doesn't take place until the 15th of March, during which time all sorts of things may happen. Had there been $100 a-side staked, in case either man should alter his mind, the forfeit would be worth picking up. Until the date of the second deposit, we must bide our time, hoping that this match for the American Championship may result in a royal battle.

After the 15th of March, the excitement will increase, and we hope steps will be taken to get up a magnificent belt by subscription for the winning man, who will be hailed Champion of America.

The crowded state of our columns last week prevented a lengthy statement, but now we hardly think it called for until positive that the affair vill go on. That known, we shall give very interesting biographies of the candidates for the Championship.

SKATING SCATTERED.—The severe frost of Tuesday and Wednesday last, and a portion of Thursday, led people to set down as a "dead certainty" that we were to have a few days of good skating "right off," and the belles and beaux were indulging in dreams of bliss in reference thereto, and many an engagement to "meet me by moonlight alone," on the ice, was made. But alas! on Thursday night, first snow, and then a rain storm that carried one back to the days of Noah, set in, and wrecked the hopes of those devotees of the Ice King who had hoped to see themselves reflected in that mirror of nature, the Central Park Pond, cutting curley-cues, pigeon-wings, etc., or showing off their exquisite shapes in graceful sweeps on the sliding irons. It is pretty evident that Old Jack Frost has gone back on us, or perhaps he has seceded and gone down to Dixie; and we begin to fear that those who have invested in skates, skating parks, etc., will find their occupation gone, or pretty much interfered with, till the winter of 1863-64, and themselves minus to the extent of their investments. We are sorry for them, but at the same time find consolation in the thought that what would have been fun and profit for them, would have been the opposite for the poor around us, and take it all in all, we have reason to be grateful for a mild winter. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

ALL RIGHT.—All the radical attempts to kill off Gen. McClellan have had no other effect than to help to make him one of the most popular men in the country. It is impossible for him to move along quietly, the poeple are always sure to discover him, and extend to him manifestations of good feeling and confidence, such as few officers now enjoy. Even in the Eastern States, where, it is supposed, the radical pressure is the strongest, "Little Mac" has been welcomed with every honor that man can conceive. Returned soldiers, veterans wounded in fighting their country's battles, push their way through swarms of people to grasp the hand of McClellan. The position he occupies this day is more honorable, in the estimation of the people, than even that held by Mr. Lincoln himself. The General has the confidence of all loyal citizens, whilst the President has lost caste with many for his want of firmness, and for his mismanagement of the war, as exemplified in the most recent operations. Let the radicals continue their hostility to Gen. McClellan, and the end will not be difficult to foretell.

EXCITING TAN MILE RACE
BETWEEN
JIMMY GRIFFIN AND PATRICK COAKLEY FOR $400.

The challenge and counter challenge that appeared in our paper a few weeks ago between these fleet-of-foot athletes, resulted in a match being made for $200 a side. It came off on the evening of the 6th inst. at the National Theatre, Boston. The house was well filled with the friends of both pedestrians. Griffin has been training, since the match was made, in Bridgewater, and his appearance showed that he had made the most of his time, while Coakley, who had been taking his breathings at Somerville, looked too full of flesh, and logy.

The men ran in the circle on the stage, the distance round this being a trifle short of 43 yards, rendering it necessary for the men to run 410 times round to complete the distance to be accomplished. The ring had been specially prepared for the purpose, and, considering the disadvantages the men ran under—both the close atmosphere and the peculiarity of the track—very good time was made, although, in the opinion of many, Griffin could materially have improved on it if he had let himself out. He completed the distance with vigor enough left to have gone another five miles, and ran around the ring five times over the distance, to keep Coakley company to the end.

The two started together at a good speed on the word being given, but Griffin at once got the lead, gaining 20 yards in the first mile, and this distance he increased to 80 yards at the end of the second, Coakley running under difficulty from a stitch in his side. This, however, wore off on the third mile, but not until his competitor had made a gap for him to travel of over 120 yards. Griffin was, at the end of this mile, three rounds ahead, and this advantage was maintained by him to the end of the seventh mile, when by a smart spurt he passed his antagonist for the fourth time, but Coakley also made a rush and passed Griffin, and led for half a dozen strides. Griffin was not to be baulked, but went at his man again, and ended the mile four rounds in advance, just running in the rear of Coakley. This position of the runners was not changed until the last four rounds of the last mile, when Griffin again put on steam, passed Coakley, and came in a winner of the race 215 yards ahead, in 63 minutes 43¾ seconds. Coakley, wishing to see his own time, ran the five rounds he was behind in 39 seconds, making his whole time 64 minutes, 22¾ seconds. The following is the time of the winner in the different miles:—

5:06; 6:00; 6:14; 6:21½; 6:21; 6:31½; 6:41¾; 6:28; 6:53; 7:10—63 minutes, 43¾ seconds.

HEATHER CURLING CLUB OF SCARBORO, C. W.—At a meeting of the above club, held on the 21st ult., the following gentlemen were appointed office bearers for 1863: John Gibson, President; Wm. Clark, Jr., Vice President; A. Glendenning, Secretary; John Paterson, Wm. Crawford, James Robinson, and Robert Cunningham, Managing Committee.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

THE DEER'S HEAD.—JACK BATH'S house, No. 25 Houston, near Crosby street, is the stopping place of all who love "good cheer and good beer," sparkling liquors and prime Havanas. His portrait gallery has everybody worth seeing on exhibition, and Jack delights in explaining them. Fun and frolic the order, day and night. 36

"WE STILL LIVE."—HARRY HILL'S Saloon, on Houston street, enjoys the popular patronage to an unparalleled degree. The truth is, Harry is a capital fellow, and a most *recherche* caterer, and hence his almost unprecedented popularity. We advise all who desire to spend a social and delightful evening to visit his admirably conducted Restaurant and Saloon. 36-3m*

THE ST. NICHOLAS BOWLING ROOM, No. 535 Broadway, (under the Prescott House,) is the only perfect TEN PIN SALOON in New York. The Manager for thirteen years had charge of the Bowling Room at the Astor House. Wines, Liquors, and Cigars of the best quality.
40-tf PETE GALLAGHER, Proprietor.

CLIPPER SHADES, No. 40 EAST BROADWAY.—Free and Easy every Monday and Saturday evenings, with that exquisite songster, Mr. MORDECAI LYONS in the Chair. The best of Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, constantly on hand. The Proprietors will do their utmost to promote the comfort of those honoring them with a call.
44-tf DICK & EUGENE HOLYWOOD, Proprietors.

MERRY LITTLE MILL AT FORT CRAIG, VA.

FRIEND QUEEN:—Thinking that it might interest our old chums to see that manly sports are not forgotten by the "Scogers," I send you the details of a little affair which came off on the 2d inst. The few privy to the match kept "buttoned down" previous to the day, lest the "straps" should get wind, and put on the "brakes;" these precautions, joined with a fine day, brought about a success. The contestants were J. M. Doe, of Birmingham, Eng., a cousin, I believe, of the well-known Joe Goss, and F. P. Jewett, of Salem, Mass., a sport of some local eminence, and victor in several turns-up in Dublin. Doe is a lithe young fellow, about 5 feet 7 inches in height, of light and active build, and understanding his biz, which he has practiced somewhat since his arrival in "Old Virginny." As to Jewett, he is a stout young chap, 5 feet 4 inches, with legs somewhat after the style of the Tipton Slasher's. They had had but little training, but then you know we are not apt to surfeit ourselves often in the army. So much for the men.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. They came smiling to the scratch, and took up their "posish," Doe with his left well out, his right somewhat high; Jewett's attitude was rather open, but he looked game all over. After sparring some time, Doe led off with his left, and got in slightly on Jewett's right blinker. Quick exchanges ensued, and the fighting was begun in earnest, Doe handy with his left, and Jewett countering smartly. Jewett, "worming in" for close fighting, succeeded, at the expense of several sounding hits, in getting the throw, which ended the round.

2. Both quick to the scratch, but it was evident that Jewett had been working too furiously. Acting on the defensive for some time, he attempted the tactics of the last round, but was met by a stinging left-hander, followed instantly by the right, which knocked him fairly off his pins. Doe's partisans exulting and confident.

3. Jewett, warmed by the last round, attempted to lead off, but was short. He then tried the Sullivan dodge, but was promptly checkmated by Doe, who got him in chancery, and made telling work on his nut for a few seconds. The round was ended by Jewett dropping upon his knees.

4. Jewett, getting riled, rushed in viciously, and succeeded, at some cost, in landing a heavy one on Doe's prominent conk, which decided the second event, by drawing a stream of claret. Doe, nothing daunted, countered heavily on Jewett's left ear; then followed a scramble for the throw, both down together.

5. Seventeen minutes had elapsed. Two to one were offered on Doe, although the odds seemed to waver for a moment. Jewett got in a ribber, which Doe's heavy breathing testified, but collecting himself as he stopped one, he dropped in a half-arm blow, a "sockdolager;" Jewett, very groggy, pawed wildly, and was dropped by a straight one.

6. The result was no longer in doubt, and although Jewett made a stubborn pull for the throw in this round, it was evident that he was over-matched. His second, "Shore, the Wizard," wished to throw up the hat at this round's conclusion, but the game "Lobster" persisted, and toed the mark for the

7th and last. Jewett, his right eye nearly closed, and quite weak on his legs, pulled himself together for a desperate struggle, rushed in, striking right and left, but was met coolly and effectually by the scientific "Mash," who popped him successively on the eyes, nose, and mouth, and then catching at him, threw him a tremendous cross-buttock, and fell on him, literally using him up, so that when time was called for the next round, Jewett "didn't live thar," and the stakes, a "ten spot," were handed to his skillful opponent.

A GOOD TIME ALL ROUND.—The "Special" at Izzy Lazarus's on the 29th ult., turned out a bumper indeed, and as they say in the theaters, it was "standing room only" for some of the visitors, nearly the whole night. It reminded us of the time Harry King and his Butler (Bob's brother) had this same hotel, in the way of large attendance, although the company at Izzy's was perhaps more select. Old Bill Pontin took the chair, and Old Bill Tovee the vice, as Bill Poster had previously announced. Izzy, the Brignoli of the Fourteenth Ward, sang half a dozen times, but almost raised the roof in his farm yard song, "In the merry green fields in the morning." If Dan Bryant had been there, the *great* tenor would in all probability be now performing at 472. Tovee warbled Meet me by Moonlight Alone, and the Swiss Toy Girl (he might have met her afterwards for ought we know) in a simple and affecting manner. Jimmy Frazer, James Conley, and Billy Sargent's comicalities well balanced the beautiful sentimental songs of Burlinson, of the House of Commons, and William Hill, of the "Optimus," 28 East 12th street, who has often appeared in operatic choruses, at Niblo's Garden. Mr. Robert Smith played many choice pieces on his bugle, and as luck would have it, Harry Lazarus bounded in the room just at that moment. The Captain saw there was to be something good at the old gentleman's by our paper, and made up his mind to be there, or break a leg in the attempt. After Harry's arrival, it gave fresh impetus to the performers—even Flory Macarty threatened to sing if nobody else would—he knew how to get out of it, didn't he? And thus they passed the time away without thought of care or woe, the night we spent at Izzy's house a long time ago! [Chorus].

ROOM TURN UP BETWEEN NICK HAYES AND PAT DALEY.—On Tuesday afternoon, the 3d inst., a slashing combat was quietly pulled off in an East side hotel between two muscular Christians named respectively Nick and Pat, "for fun." Hayes had the services of that clever little clipper, Dick Holywood, of 40 East Broadway, and the promising young Michael Dorsey; Daley being seconded by Ben Webb and Caffrey. Nick, though much the lightest, had all the best of the fighting and wrestling; he also got first knock-down, to Daley's first blood. In all, they contended 34 rounds in 56 minutes, when Nick was hailed the winner.

ANOTHER CHALLENGE TO PATSY DALEY.—If Patsy is not pleased with his late defeat, or wants "satisfaction," Nick Hayes can be backed to try it over again for $25 a side. Man and money ready at the Holywood Brothers' Saloon, the CLIPPER SHADES, No. 40 East Broadway.

PROSPECTS OF ANOTHER GREAT GLOVE FIGHT.—THE CARELESS BOY WILL BLACKEN JIM COFFEE'S NOSE FOR $200 A SIDE.—In a letter from Boston, dated Feb. 4, the Careless Boy says that he disputes that Coffee is the best sparrer in Boston, as trumpeted about by his friends, and to prove it, he will spar him for sixty minutes on the same terms as Clarke and Coburn's match, and to be governed by the same rules, for from $100 to $200 a side, or as much more as Coffee can raise, the man that operates oftenest on his opponent's nose, to take the money. What grounds has Mr. Coffee to remain silent? The man with the smallest nose oughtn't to back out, no how, whoever he is.

YOUNG FRANKS TURNED UP.—We have succeeded in tracing this young man out, and learn that he is now in the U. S. General Hospital, at Philadelphia. Franks was wounded in his left hand at the battle of Bull Run, but he is perfectly willing to fight the Pittsburgh man when his mawley gets strong again. Franks belongs to Company K., 41st Reg. N. Y. S. V. His backer will now have an opportunity of an interview.

JOHNNY HEALEY RETURNED TO WORCESTER.—Our young friend, "Bob," of the Phœnix Saloon, 79 Front street, Worcester, Mass., after spending some ten days visiting all the sporting landlords and places of interest in and around this city, has gone back home, and from the experience gained here, he will now make out better than ever. Johnny knows all our sporters, big and little, and the Worcester folks will flock around the Phœnix stronger than ever to hear him relate his "experience." Things are so different between city and country, that there'll be many a hearty laugh over Johnny's adventures. If any of the boys go to Worcester, they are sure of a royal welcome from the quiet and genteel-looking Johnny Healey. Good luck to you, "alanna."

HEENAN TO COMPETE WITH LEOTARD.—About six months ago one of our correspondents in London was confidentially informed by John that he was practicing the trapeze performance and getting along very finely. It is rumored that after the circus business is played out, the Benicia Boy will assume his new and startling flying leaps *a la* Leotard. Won't *that* be a sensation for our English cousins?

GOT THE STAKES.—The stakes, $5,000, in the late prize battle in Australia, between Dan White and Jack Sullivan, had at length been paid over to the former, according to late advices, but Sullivan having protested so strongly against such a disposition of the funds, a new match was made, to fight in one month from September 6, 1862, for $3,000 a side. It will not be long before we learn who is the victor in this second contest.

KERRIGAN AND AARON'S JOINT BENEFIT.—Dan and Barney had their turn, as previously announced, on Wednesday evening, the 4th inst., at the same place where Coburn and Clarke's great event came off, Mozart Hall, 663 Broadway. It was an awful cold night, "cold enough to freeze the narrative of a brass monkey," as Tim Conner had it. Notwithstanding the boys knew they couldn't get any invigorating cordial to keep their blood in circulation, they turned out even better than the Wednesday before. We had our doubts whether the Fourth Warders could find their way so far up town, and thought of suggesting the Oriental Gymnasium to them, but it all turned out for the best, perhaps, after all. The sparring was as follows, old Tovee introducing them, as usual, in his own felicitous style:—First, Young Kerrigan and Abrahams, very fair, Dan's brother puzzling the Jew boy considerably. Second, Con Orem and Alec Robertson, a serious affair; Alec hails from California, and is the same man that Ben Webb had words with; he is a big-boned, fine-made young fellow, and the air of defiance and determination he put on while following up the Colorado champion, made the latter look out pretty sharp; once we don't know but Con might have got a downer if he hadn't cleverly ducked as Alec came rattling at him—his agility alone saved him. They had one clinch, a tie, both rolling around promiscuously. Third, Joe Coburn and Elliott, careful to a nicety, Jimmy taking good care not to get too close. There wasn't much hitting about it, you might know, still it must be considered a favor for Jeems to "have 'em on" with Joseph. Fourth, Billy Donnelly and Tracey, first-rate. Billy and Dorsey were expected to perform, and would have done so only for Mike's jaw being terribly enlarged with the tooth-ache. Fifth, Berrigan and Grady, "heavy papers;" nasty hitting and right up and down from the start. Sixth, Hughey McLain and Cornell, happy go lucky, thwacking rib-roasters, each trying to break things. Hughey had the best of his aristocratic opponent. Seventh, Captain Lazarus and Handsome Mike, "sojer fellers," and two of the first who volunteered to fight for their country, under the gallant and noble-hearted Colonel Ellsworth. A set-to between Harry Lazarus and Trainor is the height of perfection in the science—a prettier display couldn't be witnessed anywhere in the world. We've seen pretty much all the famous light weights of England spar, including Billy Shaw and Peter Morris, but our boys can just "take the linen off the shrubbery"—we'll bet yer. It's worth anybody's while to go and see the broadsword Mike took from one of the Black Horse Cavalry at Bull Run, at his hotel in South street, two doors from Rosevelt. Eighth, Bob Hill and Hogan, tolerably fair, although not up to the others. Ninth, Dan Kerrigan and Barney Aaron, in the wind-up, showed the highly respectable and numerous audience how battles are lost and won in the "ould dart" and Ameriky; it was a good thing—activity versus propelling power—wherein there wasn't a pin's difference, taking all things into consideration. We presume they cleared a hundred or so, which ain't bad to take these times.

BILLY SARGENT'S NIGHT.—A sing-song will be given for the especial benefit of Mr. Sargent on the 12th of February, at Bob Smith & Burlinson's hotel, the House of Commons, Houston street. Quite an aristocratic gathering is expected. Jack Alcroft and Smedley are expected to do a duet together, which is being written especially for the occasion by Watts the poet. Now you all know it, so go it—that is to say, Billy Sargent's benefit.

JOHNNY MORRIS WILL FIGHT DILLON.—Hearing that Mr. Dillon has been talking about fighting Mr. Morris, during his absence from Boston, the latter says if the former is now as anxious to fight as he appeared to be before, he, Morris, will accommodate him on any reasonable terms, sooner than let him go off without a fight. Johnny can be seen at any time at the Careless Boy's, National Theatre Saloon, Portland street, Boston.

NOBBY CLARKE TALKS BACK TO DICK HOLYWOOD.—Little Billy Clarke wants to know at what weight Dick Ho[illegible] wants to fight, as he is open to make a match with any [illegible] the world, for $500 a side, at 106 lbs., to come off in the [illegible] ring as Coburn and McCoole.

A WORD FROM JACK BOYNE.—The following note speaks for itself:—"WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—EDITOR CLIPPER—In regard to Tuohey's challenge, I wish to say that to make a match at the present time is out of the question; but in about six months' time, when my term of service shall expire, something may turn up—that is, provided the Rebs. don't interfere in my calculations.
Yours, etc., JACK BOYNE.

ANOTHER CHALLENGE TO HOLYWOOD:—"Punch," the man that fought Billy Donnelly a short time ago, offers to fight Dick Holywood at 110 lbs., for from $300 to $500 a side, at any time he, Holywood, may choose to name. An answer through the CLIPPER will be attended to.

A RARE CHANCE FOR SOMEBODY.—Mr. Jack Bath, of the Deer's Head, 25 East Houston street, is desirous of disposing of his fine collection of pictures and bar fixtures very reasonably to a cash customer. Here's an opportunity for a man with a little capital to possess a beautiful portrait gallery at a very trifling outlay. Application to be made as early as possible, as Jack is soon to leave for California.

THE LAZARUS AND DALY MATCH.—At our latest advices from California, everything was going on smoothly towards the consummation of this interesting match. We feared the late shooting affray and trouble between the "bankers" and police would have "squashed" it—such turns out to be not the case. "Captain Harry" goes out in the next steamer to look after his brother Johnny.

MIKE DORSEY'S BENEFIT THURSDAY NIGHT.—This young miniature Hercules and clever boxer is up for a benefit at the Oriental Gymnasium, Bayard street, near Bowery, on Thursday evening, Feb 12, when the boys will muster a full roll-call, and exhibit their ability and agility. The proprietor of the Gymnasium has had it all fixed up especially for the occasion, with a ring and seats. A long list of "good men and true" appears on the bills. We believe little Dick Holywood is to have the bar. Young Grady and Mike Dorsey wind up. Tickets, only a quarter.

HO! FOR CALIFORNIA!—Captain Harry Lazarus, U. S. A., is to sail for the gold diggings on the coming Wednesday, so as to be present when his brother Johnny fights Daley. Jack couldn't have a better friend at his elbow than the everywhere popular and rotund little Fire Zouave. He's sure to be welcomed in the land he's going to, and if Harry Gribbin, Tim Macarty, Burnsey, Billy Meehan, and all the other gay boys, don't receive him with open arms, we'll enlist. There's no doubt about it at all. The Captain will write us whenever anything is going on of importance out there.

THE CLIPPER'S FREE AND EASY.—This isn't at our office, as some might imagine—we don't sing, but "jine in." No, it's Dick and Eugene Holywood's place we have reference to, No. 40 East Broadway, where mirth, harmony, and hilarity "rule the roost." M. Lyon's name alone is a tower of strength, and add a dozen more choice singing birds, and then imagine what a gay and happy time they must have up there every Monday and Saturday evening. Next Saturday Dick sings "Click, click, the Song of the Stick." Typos, take notice.

BACKED DOWN!—After humbugging about nearly four weeks, and the trial being postponed no less than four times, Jack Bath again appeared at the Tombs Police Court last Saturday morning with his lawyer, Mr. Howe, ready and anxious for an investigation, but, as we expected all along, the police didn't care to face the music and refused to prosecute—consequently, Jack was honorably discharged. Mr. Bath was lucky in always having good witnesses on hand if it had come to anything, and we believe Mr. Howe would have given such an *expose* of the tyrannical conduct of certain individuals now in power, that would astonish those not cognizant of what these "things" *can* do. It will all come out though one of these days—you see.

LAID UP SICK.—Orville Gardner, an opponent of William Hastings and McPhee, is lying very ill at Newark, N. J. The rumor that he was insane is groundless. We hope "Awful" will soon get round again.

FISTIC STARS ON A TOUR.—The renowned Joe Coburn, now matched with Tom McCoole for the American Championship; William Clarke, his late antagonist in the big glove fight; Con Orem, the Champion of Colorado, whose biography appears in another column of this week's paper; and Jimmy Elliott, the Young Giant, are about going on a sparring tour together. They will visit Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Alexandria—then back to New York and through the upper part of the State. Mike Norton, "Crow," is to be their advance agent. Look out for them!

ARISTOCRATIC WRESTLING MATCH IN JERSEY.—A somewhat unusual, yet nevertheless very interesting wrestling contest took place at the Hudson House, Jersey City, on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 6, between F. D. Bunnell, Esq., Supervisor, (we are given to understand,) of Chenango county, N. Y., and Lieutenant Ainesworth, of Hartford, Conn., for $700 a-side. Both men bear the reputation of never having been thrown before. The terms of the match were collar and elbow, best two in three, and one hour to intervene between each fall. Some two hundred spectators were present, among them many prominent New York politicians and betting men. On getting their holds, the Supervisor put all his scientific manœuvers into play, and made quick work of the Lieutenant by flooring him inside of six minutes. It is said Bunnell had $800 bet on the first fall, which he won of course. In the second meeting, after the two had taken their holds, Bunnell let go with one hand, and while handing his cap to a man near by, Ainesworth stole a march on him, and "down went his castle." A scene of confusion here ensued, one party declaring it "foul," the other equally demonstrative that it was "fair," but it was finally settled by Bunnell acknowledging the corn, that it belonged to the Lieutenant. The third trial resulted in favor of Ainesworth, and he was at once declared the winner of the $1,400. Considerable discussion ensued as to the judges declaring all ontside bets off about the second throw before Mr. Bunnell gave in, and after that, declaring them on again. We are not cognizant of any rule which gives a referee the right of two decisions, and if they were appealed to in the dispute and openly decided as aforesaid, we believe they have no right to "go back" on their own assertions. The men may possibly meet again on account of the unsatisfactory manner in which it terminated.

ANOTHER BIG SHOOTING MATCH.—John Taylor and John Cornell concluded their three days' contest with the trigger on the 7th inst., at Jersey City, for $250 a side, resulting in favor of the Jerseyman, John Taylor, who killed 78 birds out of 100, to John Cornell's 75. At the close of the second day, Cornell was three birds ahead, but Taylor "cotched up" and beat him on the third day.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for Rev. James F. Wambold, Gustave Bidaux, Jas. Mathews, R. L. Dingess, L. M. W. Steere, Dan. Rhodes, Prof. Robt. Heller, J. E. Whiting, and Miss Floranda Flory.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, February 9, 1863.

It has been an awkward sort of week since our last; intense cold gave place to snow, hail, rain, slush, and everything calculated to make the metropolis look dismally blue, and render pedestrianism anything but a safe or pleasant exercise. With New York in the condition it was the latter part of last week, we doubt if even the Indian Deerfoot would be able to make *more* than eleven miles an hour; but notwithstanding the variable and uncertain state of the weather, our theatres and other places of public resort were pretty well patronized. Uncle Abe's "little pictures" fly around quite freely, and while everybody has something to say about the depreciation of the greenback currency, we have yet to hear of the first person that refuses to "be bothered with them." There is certainly an unusually large amount of paper money afloat; and some holders prefer blocks of brick and mortar to the Washington publications. In fact, a sort of moneymania has seized hold of the people—everybody wants to be a government contractor or Brigadier General—people are making fortunes every day just by "swapping things." If a man has a thousand dollar greenback, off he goes to swap it for five hundred dollars' worth of boots and shoes, or steamboats, (which he sells to the government for six times their cost,) or somebody's patent medicines. Anything is preferable to the currency, and yet everybody is anxious to get hold of it. Money, such as it is, is spent more freely now than it ever was before; and this will account, in a measure, for the success of the present theatrical season. No one cares a cuss for a dollar bill. We are all on the spend, whether we make anything or not. Why even the CLIPPER offers to spend five hundred dollars in stories, at the very time when the government is taxing our advertisements, our income, our paper, besides charging us $50 for the privilege of selling our papers after they are taxed all over. We've got the moneymania with the rest of the folks. *How* we caught it, we can't tell—probably the same as a feller catches the measles—but we've got it, sure, or we'd never offer prizes when A. Lincoln and the paper makers are trying to see which can levy the biggest slice off our *receipts*, not profits. What is left in our pockets after satisfying the demands of these leeches, we at once invest in a ticket to the theatre, or in an extra plate of Mrs. Fogerty's patent self-sealing hash, so as to prepare us for the "arduous duties" of the coming week. It's healthy stuff, this patent hash. Like castor oil, a good deal of it goes a great ways. But there's nothing like a visit to the theatre, or minstrel hall, or concert saloon, in these panic times. There you throw care to the dogs, forget all about the tax gatherer, and enjoy yourself in a perfect state of blissful repose. The play's the thing to ease your mind, and erase a multitude of cares.

The players in the South are less fortunate than those in the North. Some of our friends who returned from New Orleans last week, represent theatricals as somewhat befogged in that city. Secesh. don't like to sit in the same house with a Fed.; and, *vice-versa*, only a little more so, Feds. don't care to be caught in company with Secesh.; so between them both, amusements in New Orleans are at a very low ebb, and the Varieties in New Orleans was in great tribulation.

"Leah, the Forsaken," is anything else but forsaken at Niblo's, for the houses continue large, and the performances give unquestioned satisfaction. "Leah" will be repeated this week, and those who have not seen the great trio—Miss Bateman, Mr. J. W. Wallack, Jr., and Mr. Edwin Adams—in the new play, should visit Niblo's ere the chance is lost. Their engagement closes on the 21st inst., and Mr. and Miss Richings will commence on the 23d, producing, for the first time in New York, their great operatic and dramatic spectacle—"Satanella."

We have been shown a receipt for money paid by Miss Fanny Brown to Mr. Bernard, of this city, agent for Mr. Henderson, of the Pittsburgh Theatre, being the amount advanced to Miss Brown when she was engaged for Mr. Henderson's Theatre. Our Pittsburgh correspondent was doubtless unaware, at the time he wrote to us, that Miss Brown had returned the advance money to Mr. Henderson, through his agent here.

Barnum seems determined to have some sort of matrimonial ceremony between the two dwarfs—Tom Thumb and the Warren girl. The farce is announced to come off on the 10th, in Grace Church, probably, and "guests are required to appear in full dress;" so says "the bill of the play." The whole thing is a shameful speculation, and we presume that in nine months the showman will be hatching up some kind of a nondescript, and passing it off as the product of this dwarfish alliance.

Talking of dwarfs, Com. Foote and Col. Small returned to this city on the 6th inst. from New Orleans and Havana. They were accompanied by Col. Ellinger, Miss Ellinger, and Prof. Brooks, the blind musician.

At no place in the city can a couple of hours be passed more pleasantly than at Wood's beautiful Hall of Minstrelsy. The people in front of the house are courteous and attentive to all who visit this fashionable little establishment, while the entertainments offered for the amusement of the public are of such a character and variety as to command the admiration of all.

Speaking of minstrelsy reminds us that our friends of the New Orleans and Metropolitan Opera Troupe are with us once again, after an absence of two or three months in New Orleans and Havana, their stay at the latter place being very brief. This well-known and talented organization is under the management of Messrs. Duprez & Green, and numbers among its performers some really excellent talent. They reached here on the 6th inst. in the steamship Roanoke.

Mr. Eddy enters upon the third week of his engagement at the New Bowery this evening, Feb. 9th. The Colleen Bawn has been withdrawn, to afford room for other novelties. On the 7th, the following rare bill was offered at this house: "The Last Days of Pompeii," with Eddy as the Gladiator;" "The Lady of the Lake," with Eddy as Sampson Hardhead. There's a night's work for one man, isn't it? In addition to those named, "Jumbo Jum" was given as a finisher. It is needless to say that an immense audience was in attendance. A series of novelties is announced for the current week.

Another little "go" of Italian opera "eventuated" at the Academy last week. It was very short, very sweet, and probably about as profitable as the manager expected it to be. The concern will open in Boston this evening, 9th, at the Academy. Poor Grau! What a task it must be to drive this team.

Little Pape, who is said to have refused to sing for Northern soldiers, took a well-timed leave of us on the 7th, having sailed for Europe in the Saxonia. See miscellaneous.

Miss Emily Thorne and Mr. Mark Smith are procuring a choice collection of comedies, filled with wit and song, and peculiarly adapted to the talents of those artists, and intended for production during the proposed professional starring tour of Miss Thorne and Mr. Smith. The lady, at present, is in the East, performing an engagement with Mr. J. C. Myers, of the Academy, Providence.

Talking of Miss Thorne, a friend informs us that the *other* Emily Thorne arrived last week from England. The new arrival is the wife of Mr. George Jordan, who remains in England, New York not being a very healthy place for that gentleman since he identified himself in such a marked manner with the rebel cause. What calls Mrs. Jordan here, we are not informed; she visits us probably on some private business. Is it possible that she, too, has seceded from the seceder?

Cubas exhibited her fair proportions for the last time, for the present, at the Winter Garden, on the 7th. Them eyes, them legs, and so forth, have turned the heads of many young gentlemen of the "evil be to him who evil thinks" persuasion. We saw many youthful sinners, and hoary-headed "virtuosos" going their one eyes on the Cubas. We don't believe they saw anything else but Cubas; they couldn't tell even whether any other performer appeared beside Cubas. Couldock and his daughter have also retired with their "Chimney Corner." The engagement of this combination has been very good. Edwin Booth is the extra attraction for the present. His engagement is for two weeks, Miss Lucille Western being engaged to open here on the 23d.

Bryants' Minstrels have a very laughable subject in their burlesque of Colton and his laughing gas, which they introduced last week. Crowded houses continue the rule at Bryants. Dan Bryant, Dave Reed, Howard, and Newcombe, will inhale the gas this week.

There's great sport for the juveniles at the Menagerie when the monkeys ride the mules. This was always a favorite act with the little ones and big ones, too, for that matter; for we have seen quite a number of "children of larger growth" "crying with joy" at the freaks of the monkeys in their equestrian exercises. The performing elephants go through their "sleight of body" with commendable cleverness, and are indubitably "big things" on the tumble. The menagerie is well worth a visit.

We are glad to learn that Miss Adah Isaacs Menken has recovered from her severe illness, and will leave for Baltimore this week, commencing her second engagement this season at the Front Street Theatre, on Monday next, 16th inst., as William, in "Black-Eyed Susan." By the way, Fredericks & Co., of Broadway, have just published a series of card photographs of Miss Menken in twenty different characters, and also some very fine large pictures. Boston may boast of Kate Reignolds and her pictures, but New York can lay claim to Miss Menken and her portraitures as being unsurpassed in beauty of face, form, attitude, and costume. We have a few of these latest card publications before us—they are far more classic than anything we have seen lately. One of these cards represents Miss Menken in her celebrated character of the "French Boy," another as the "Watercress Shepherd," and a third as the "Pilot Carrier." This latter, especially, is a splendid little picture, and a capital likeness of the fair original.

Among the new performers engaged to support Mr. Booth, at the Winter Garden, are Agnes Tomlinson, Lawrence Barrett, Miss Ada Clifton, and Lea Wilkinson, of the Baltimore and Washington Theatres.

Herr Driesbach, who has afforded so much amusement to the patrons of Barnum's Museum, in his performances with the learned bear, leaves there soon to join Nixon's company.

This will be a big week at Laura Keene's Theatre, Mrs. Wood producing the great burlesque of the "Fair One With the Golden Locks." Mr. Wallack, after an absence of more than a year from the stage, will make his re-appearance at this theatre, and take a prominent part in the burlesque. Mrs. Wood will shine in all her glory, and the giant Goshan will make his bow to a Broadway audience. The attendance will no doubt be very large throughout the week. Mrs. Wood will sustain three distinct characters in the piece.

Nothing fresh at Wallack's. The late E. G. P. Wilkins's comedy of "Henrietta" is to be reproduced here this week.

Col. Ellinger, with Commodore Foote and party, arrived here from New Orleans, per steamer Roanoke, on the night of the 6th. They did not visit Havana, because of there being no suitable place vacant, which would occasion a long and expensive wait, hence their return from New Orleans direct. Notwithstanding the late heavy storm, the party are all sound in wind and limb, and the public will soon have an opportunity to see the diminutive commodore *in propria personæ*.

"Lilly, or the Artist's Daughter," is the title of a new comic drama in five acts, written for Miss Helena Merkel, by John F. Poole. Miss Merkel is, we understand, about to take a starring tour through the States, with several new pieces.

Some first class talent is wanted in a variety of specialities for Leavenworth City and other places. Those seeking engagements will do well to glance at Mr. J. Conner's advertisement in these columns.

"Three Fours and one for his Knob!" This has no reference to the game of Crib—we wish to say Robert Butler's Musical Hall, "444," is a nobby place to visit. Standing alone as the only legitimate concert saloon in the city, it's no wonder that the "American" is always full. Jim Walbold, the Great Banjo, is here with his usual budget of varieties, and all the old favorites.

Mr. and Miss Richings, after having played very successful engagements at Philadelphia, appear at Niblo's on the 23d, in "Satanella." Their active agent, Mr. A. S. Pennoyer, is in town "moving things," and Messrs. Hays and Selwyn, the scenic artists, are busily engaged in preparing the scenery for "Satanella," which is to be placed on the stage in magnificent style. Martinetti, Ronzani, Galletti, and Madame Katrine, are engaged "to co-operate" with the talented father and daughter.

Tony Pastor's song book is out. Get one. See advertisement for "the where."

Mrs. George Jordan has just returned and is ready for "biz." Those who may require a first class juvenile lady will find all that can be desired in the above-named, who looks as young and beautiful as ever, on application to Charles T. Parsloe, dramatic agent.

DRAMATIC.

See here! While our forces occupied Fredericksburg, a Federal officer, strolling through an old burying-ground in that town, copied the following epitaph:—"Here lies the body of Edward Helder, practitioner in physic and chirurgery. Born in Bedfordshire, England, in the year of our Lord, 1542. Was cotemporary with one of the pall-bearers of William Shakespeare. After a brief illness, his spirit ascended in the year of our Lord 1618, aged 76."

"The Chimney Corner" was performed for the first time at the Madison, Wis., Theatre, recently, with Mr. A. Macfarland as Peter, and Miss Jessie Macfarland as Patty Probity.

The theatre in Cairo was still in operation last week, and doing a fair business. The company had not yet left for Peoria.

They must have some high old times in the way of theatricals at Halifax, Nova Scotia. A performance was advertised to be given at the Spring Garden Lyceum recently, and to give *eclat* to the affair, a full orchestra was promised. This "full orchestra" comprised one man, (and his fiddle) who scraped away at a tearing pace behind the scenes. The show was to begin at eight, so as to give all parties plenty of time, etc., but nine o'clock didn't see the first of it. Everybody seemed to perform to his own satisfaction, if not to the satisfaction of the audience. Among the rest of the things done, was a dance for a silver cup —one of *them* cups—but the second chap that put in for it came the double over his antagonist, by dancing a jig on skates; and this dancer was so decidedly pleased with himself, that it was with the greatest difficulty he could be induced to leave the stage; he was bound to get the jug, or "break down" in the attempt. 'Altogether, the affair was a sorry exhibition, and the Halifaxers are in great tribulation for fear the "blarsted thing" will get into print. We hope, however, that our papers will say nothing about it. Out of respect for the families of the victims of this abortion, "we withhold their names."

Jas. E. Murdoch continues in his benevolent and patriotic work of reading for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers and their families. This evening, Feb. 9, he is to give another reading at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. Contrast Mr. Murdoch's noble actions with the conduct of the Willie Pape party, who, after being advertised, refused to perform for Northern soldiers.

It is feared that Tamaro, the tenor, who was here some years ago, and sung in the Huguenots and other operas, with Poinsot, has been lost at sea. Tamaro was on his way to South America, from Europe, with an opera company, and the vessel he sailed in was wrecked; but no intelligence has been received touching the fate of the passengers. There is a possibility that the company may have been saved by some passing vessel.

Matters in connection with the drama in Boston have been rather subdued during the past week, at least, so says our correspondent "Boston," writing from thence on the 5th inst., as follows:—"Our little city has been comparatively quiet this week, though Gen. McClellan has been *feted* at the houses of our rich merchants. Even now as I write I hear cheer after cheer in honor of him, as he has just stopped at Case and Getchells to have his photograph taken.....Mrs. Page, who made her *debut* in Boston at the Howard, has failed to attract an audience; in fact, empty benches ruled every night. Wm. Lanty appears on the 7th, at the Howard as 'Shylock'.....The last dramatic week of Barnum is nearly at an end. They have been playing 'Ruthven' a version of Boucicault's play of 'The Phantom.' It has attracted fair houses."

Jas. E. Murdoch gave a series of Readings in aid of the soldiers in Boston on the 2d inst., which was well attended.

Miss Mollie Williams, of the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, has, we are sorry to learn, been confined to her bed from an attack of billious fever.

"The Fortunes of Flora; or, the Fairy Gentilla and Addledeboudledefatikahamshaw," was the holiday pantomime at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco. Our minstrel friends are cleverly represented in this old-fashioned piece, as will be seen by the cast:—Clown, Wm. T. Aymar; Pantaloon, Ben Cotton; Harlequin, Billy O'Neil; Columbine, Alicia Mandeville: Flora, Jennie Mandeville; Captain Thunder, Billy Birch. Previous to the pantomime, Signor Abecco sang a couple of favorite songs in the minstrel performance.

At Memphis, Tenn., things theatrical are still flourishing, and Manager Maginley has reason to congratulate himself upon his success at the New Theatre. On the 28th, "Virginius," and "The Browns and Smiths" were given. The nautical drama of "The Ocean Child" was in rehearsal.

Mr. Hart, or "Old Sambo," from New Orleans, is at Port au Prince, Hayti, with the French Zouave Dramatic Company, under the direction of Frederick Gilles, the Zouave; they are building a theatre to perform in, and they open under the especial patronage of the President. They sustained a sad loss on Sunday, Jan. 11, in the death of Theodore Hettinger, of consumption, after three months' illness, during which time his comrades gave him every attention that money could purchase, or their own sympathies suggest. His remains were followed to the grave on Monday, Jan. 12, the company in costume giving him military honors. It was a sad spectacle, and all felt sorry at his early death—cut off in his prime; he was but 29.

G. D. Chaplin has closed his engagement with Manager Henderson, of the Pittsburgh Theatre, and is now in Chicago, making arrangements for a proposed starring tour. Mr. Chaplin was formerly attached to McVicker's Theatre, and is well spoken of by the press of Chicago. Of his more recent operations in Pittsburgh, our readers have been regularly advised. We wish him every success in his endeavors to play a lone hand.

We have no encouraging advices from San Francisco. The theatres were all doing poorly. A cessation of rain, and the appearance of more first-rate stars from the States will be necessary before we can expect to record a revival in California theatricals. Even the new theatre, the "Eureka," was doing poorly. Adah Isaacs Menken would create a *furore* in the Golden State. At one time she was billed to appear in San Francisco, and there was great excitement to see the lady, but—she failed to put in an appearance, much to the regret of the gold diggers.

A new and beautiful drop curtain has been painted for Mr. Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, by an Italian artist. The painting is a representation of a *fete* in Seville, and is said to be the best in that country.

Mons. Bihin, the big star, or Belgian giant, commences an engagement with Manager Fuller, at the National, Cincinnati, on the 9th inst. He is to appear during his engagement in the "Giant of Palestine." Bihin has been doing a good business at the Old Bowery for several weeks past.

The theatrical season at Leavenworth has closed, and some of the members recently performing there had already left for their homes; among them, we believe, are Harry Jordan and family. Now, it may not be known to Mr. Jordan that, since he left, the *Inquirer*, of Leavenworth, published the following paragraph:—"Harry Jordan has taken another benefit. He had been playing at the theatre in this city, and after getting some printing done at this office, he took French leave, without paying his bill," etc. We re-produce this notice that Mr. Jordan may have a chance to set himself right, if he has been wronged in this matter. We also have a communication from Leavenworth, making sundry charges against Jordan, but we prefer to hear from that gentleman before publishing it. It seems a little strange that these charges were not made until Mr. J. had left Leavenworth.

Miss Charlotte Thompson closed her week's engagement at the Louisville Theatre on Saturday, 31st; houses crowded.

Miss Julia Daly commenced at the Louisville Theatre for one week, on Monday, Feb. 2d. She is a favorite with the Louisvillians.

Miss Alice Placide has been playing at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, during the past week. She went there a stranger, without any preliminary puffing, and determined to stand upon her merits alone. One of the local journals, says:—"We were better pleased with Miss Placide than with any young actress we have seen for many a day." On her opening night, she was honored with a call before the curtain at the end of the play.

After a very brief season in New York, Grau's Italian Opera Company opens at the Boston Academy, this evening, Feb. 9, in Flotow's opera of Martha. Miss Kellogg, M'lle. Catrina Morenzi, Madame Virginia Lorini, M'lle. Angelina Cordier, Signors Brignoli, Amodio, Susini, Maccaferri, and Barilli compose the troupe. Muzz leads the music. Mr. Wade has charge of the box office, and will have the honor to wade through the latest currency.

Kate Denin wishes to have a share of the honors connected with the new sensation of East Lynne. Miss [illegible] has one version of the play, Miss Lucille Western another, last week Miss Kate Denin gave a third version, at the Balt[illegible] Museum, and she is said to have done very well with it. [illegible]'s benefit was announced for the 6th, when the children, Emily and Kate Ryan, were to appear.

Miss Viola, one of the company at the Eureka, San Francisco, is said to be a passable singer, but the fact that she is married for life, creates sympathy for her, and she was becoming quite a favorite at last accounts from thence.

John S. Potter has a company at Victoria, V. I., but they were not doing pretty well. The party consists of Miss Edith Mitchell, Mr. John Wood, Mr. Havelock, Cranshaw, and five or six others.

John. S. Clarke is in his fifth week at the Holliday Street, Baltimore. Performance on Saturday afternoon at 15 and 25 cents. Surely no one can complain of those prices.

Mrs. Frank Drew joined the forces at the Front Street, Baltimore, last week, opening on the 3d inst., performing in conjuction with Miss Addie Proctor, Mr. Sam. Ryan, and R. E. J. Miles.

The "Seven Sisters" is having a fair success at the Metropolitan, Rochester, and will continue as long as it draws remunerative audiences.

Washington continues as full of life and gayety as ever, it being the remark of every one that such times were never known before. From the military appearance of the hotels and streets, one might imagine the entire army of the Potomac sick or on leave of absence. Furloughs are freely granted and willingly accepted, notwithstanding the hotel accommodation is by no means adequate to the demand. A correspondent, "Peep," says—"As to hotels, I have not yet seen the man who knows how to keep one, if sending six, eight, or ten people into a room 10 by 12 is accommodation, and that at $2 75 per day. Officers and soldiers of the army, however, are used to hard life, and any comfort of hotel life at this unclement season, is most acceptable. Everybody here appears filled with money, and everybody appears willing to spend it with a perfect looseness; consequently, everybody puts on extra prices, and everything like a loaf of bread is riz right up. Amusements come in for a glorious share of patronage, of course, greatly to the benefit of managers and proprietors. At Grover's Theatre, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams are the bright particular stars, drawing immense crowds, and turning away hundreds nightly. These favorite artistes carry crowds with them wherever they go, and well do they deserve the great popularity they have gained. They have not only the good opinion of the public, but of the press throughout the country. The most flattering notices are given of their performances and of their business in this city. Their engagement, I learn, will extend for several weeks, and from here a few nights in Baltimore will conclude their tour for this season.....Maggie Mitchell commenced an engagement at the Washington on Monday, Feb. 2d, in her ever charming and popular character of Fanchon. A crowded and fashionable audience greeted her, and she continues to fill the house to overflowing every night. As the bills announce the Cricket every night, there is little chance of a change of programme, especially as long as the crowds continue such liberal patronage.....The burning of Ford's Theatre was a great loss to the city, but will be the means of establishing what Washington has long required—a good, substantial, and roomy edifice for dramatic representation. A company, composed of some of the most influential and wealthy citizens, have formed a body of incorporators, and already a bill has passed Congress for the erection of a splendid edifice, with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars. Another season will see it completed, and probably under the management of Mr. Ford, who is said to be one of the principal movers in the new undertaking. That such a building is required, no one can doubt who visits the dens now called theatres.

John E. Owens is at the Howard, Boston, this week, and on the 9th appeared as Henry Dove, in Buckstone's comedy of "Married Life," and as Solon Shingle, in Dr. J. S. Jones's drama, "The People's Lawyer."

The New Tremont, Boston, is to open this Monday evening, with its great Ravel troupe of twenty-seven performers, dancers, and pantomimists, assisted by Albert Braham, the great English tenor, Agnes Sutherland, the celebrated Scotch ballad singer, and an excellent *corps de ballet*. "Vol au Vent" is to conclude the performance.

William Warren takes his benefit at the Boston Museum on Monday evening, Feb. 16, when "Crossing the Quicksands" and "Doing for the Best" will be presented.

Miss Lucille Western was announced to appear for two nights at Music Hall, Springfield, in "East Lynne," commencing on the 9th, under the "dictatorship" of Mr. Leonard Grover, of Grover's Theatre, Washington. Miss Laura Keene and company did a big business there on the 4th, and for the first time in the history of the house, so we are informed, money was refused at the box office.

Yankee Miller and troupe were giving their parlor dramas at Bidwell's Hall, Adrian, Mich., at the close of last week, to good business.

The Florences were doing tolerably well in St. Louis at last accounts. On the 2d inst., they gave "Dombey and Son," and "Colleen Bawn" was in preparation.

Miss Heron's success at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, in "Edith" and "Camille" has been marked, and Mr. Lingham is well spoken of as Armand. The Zavistowski Troupe are also quite attractive in their way.

There has been some talk of a new theatre in Albany, and the names of J. W. Lingard, Dr. Spalding, and a few others, have been named in connection with the speculation. We are not aware that the proposed enterprise has assumed a tangible shape. Mr. Lingard must be kept pretty busy at his own theatre in New York, and can scarcely spare time to devote to another theatre in a city some hundred and fifty miles away from his base of supplies. Dr. Spalding has leisure just now—his Ocean Circus being in South America, under the direction of Mr. Rogers—and it is possible he may be a party to the new enterprise, if such an experiment is really intended.

One of the most successful engagements ever performed in Philadelphia, was closed at the Arch-street, in that city, on the 7th inst., by Mr. and Miss Richings. The houses have been immense all through the engagement. They were to have closed there on the 31st ult., but made arrangements with Miss Coombs for one of her weeks. Last week they brought out the dramatic and operatic spectacle of "Satanella," which proved a fine success. On the 5th, notwithstanding the great storm, the house was crowded in every part, and many persons were standing in the passageways. Mr. and Miss Richings will rest, probably, until they commence at Niblo's, New York, on the 23d inst. Miss Jane Coombs is the star at the Arch this week, opening as Margaret Elmore, in "Love's Sacrifice." "Music Mad," a new farce by E. R. Coates, is to be played this week, Mr. Frank Drew sustaining the principal part.

The New Chestnut, Philadelphia, has not yet got over the ill effects of selling seats to speculators for the opening night; some nights during the past week the house was crowded, but on one or two occasions the attendance was not large. The company, as a whole, does not please; McCullough now and then comes in for a scoring, and Mrs. Allen is not liked a good deal. This week opens with "Othello," Mrs. Allen playing Desdemona to Mr. Forrest's Othello. McCullough is the Iago, and Wheatley the Cassio. Shewell seems to be left out in the cold. Hackett continues to perform on the off nights.

The Varieties, New Orleans, is still doing a poor business, and but "little hopes of its recovery are entertained." Complimentary tickets are the order of the day to ensure even a fair house. The ladies of the Crescent City are secesh all over, and go out of their way to avoid the stars and stripes; and, consequently, are opposed to visiting a theatre where Northerners go. They are the losers, however.

Jas. Dunn, the pleasing actor and vocalist, has been engaged for Mrs. Jane English's new Tremont Theatre, Boston.

Charley Boniface, we hear, is lying dangerously ill, and it was thought he could not recover.

Mr. D. Setchell performed a number of his best characters, last week, at the Walnut, Philadelphia, and we are gratified to learn that he made a very favorable impression. The press of that city, never very lavish in its praises of any performer, unless he or she exhibit unmistakable evidences of genius, makes excellent mention of Mr. Setchell's abilities, and compares him favorably with the late Mr. Burton. Cubas follows Setchell, opening on the 9th inst., in the French Spy. Shirley France, who gave such excellent support to Cubas in New York, will appear with her in Philadelphia. The combat between those two is worth the price of admission to the theatre.

Miss Heron will probably follow J. Wilkes Booth at the Boston Museum, opening on the 16th,

"Afraja, the Sorcerer, and his Silver Cave," was to be produced at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, on the 8th ult., in magnificent style.

Messrs. Hunter & Waugh have been busily engaged for some time past in painting scenery for the "Colleen Bawn," which is soon to be presented at the Denver Theatre, Colorado, in a manner that will "astonish the natives."

Mr. and Mrs. Irwin were giving their pleasing entertainments at the People's Theatre, Denver City, Colorado, for a short time, to fair biz. In addition to the readings from Shakespeare and Longfellow, Mrs. Irwin appears in several songs and dances, in costume.

Nothing particular to record of the Lyceum, Toronto. Manager Harry Linden's benefit on the 25th ult. was pretty fairly attended. "Don Cæsar de Bazan" and the "Spectre Bridegroom" were the pieces for the evening.

Miss Adah Ogden appears as Christine, in "Love in Humble Life," etc., at Morrisania, N. Y., on the 10th. An extra miscellaneous performance is also to be given.

J. Wilkes Booth brings his engagement at the Boston Museum to a close this week. On Friday, 13th, he takes a benefit, when "The Merchant of Venice," and "Katharine and Petruchio" are to be enacted. Booth's success must have been flattering to him, as we see it announced, that "the house has been crowded for three weeks!"

Still another version of "Les Miserables!" The latest dramatization of Victor Hugo's great work is by Hon. Judge Carter, of Cincinnati, and is soon to be produced at Pike's Opera House.

CIRCUSES.

The Arena, Brooklyn, is making rapid strides into public favor. On the 9th, John Foster, the favorite clown, was to make his first appearance there.

Wheeler's "International Circus and Modern Arena" starts out from Boston on or about April 25th. Nothing like an early start.

Poor Sam Long, known also as "Big Sam," has at length gone "to that bourne from whence no traveler returns." Our correspondent, "Charley," sends us the sad news in the following missive, dated, "Syracuse, Feb. 4, 1863.—FRANK QUEEN—DEAR SIR—I this morning received intelligence of the death of Sam Long. For the past eight years he has been attached to Spalding & Rogers' Circus, in the South and West, in the capacity of doorkeeper and general utility. He was known as Big Sam Long, to designate him from Sam Long, the clown. He died at Paducah, Ky., of Pneumonia, on the 29th of January, where he had been in business since the war broke out. He was connected with or engaged on the "Banjo," Spalding & Rogers' Minstrel Show Boat, at the commencement of hostilities. He was a native of Pennsylvania, and a very likely man. He was attended during his last sickness by his partner, Capt. E. D. Richmond, who was formerly connected with Spalding & Rogers as commander of the Great Floating Palace, who took his remains to Pennsylvania for interment."

The company now in Havana, Cuba, under the management of Mons. Chiarini, are doing an excellent business. The company consist of Mad. Loyall, Jose Chiarini, Mad. Chiarini, Mrs. Davis, Miss Patterson, James Robinson, G. Ross, W. Carlo, Dick Rivers, Mons. Benoit, H. Berdau, W. Christy, Chas. Davis, Chas. McLane, Master Rivers, Henry Cook, with his trained dog and monkeys, Master Loyall, Mons. Scopplett, and Lorenzo Mayo, clown. The boys are all in good health, and enjoying the pleasures of Havana.

NEGRO MINTSRELSY.

The Christy Minstrels that went to Havana, and made such a botch of it, bursted up and returned to New Orleans, minus a few of the party, who were left behind. They were reorganizing in New Orleans at latest dates, and intended soon to open in that city.

Duprez & Greene's Minstrels are on the track again, and will visit the Western and Eastern States, and also the Canadas. This troupe is one of the best in existence, being strong in numbers and in talent. In addition to the stage representations, the company give a brass band entertainment every evening before opening the doors. For list of company etc., see advertisement in another column.

Sanford, at his Opera House, in Harrisburgh, has brought out his own version of "Pocahontas," *a la* Brougham, introducing many hits at State and Federal peculiarities; contractors are hit extremely hard, and politicians come in for a share of the knocks. Advice gratis is given to Uncle Abraham and his Cabinet. We understand that Governor Curtain, of Pennsylvania, is frequently a visitor at Sanfords, and relishes the queer and quaint sayings of Sam with a good deal of satisfaction. The citizens of Harrisburgh intend giving Mr. Sanford a complimentary benefit soon, the tickets to which are to be one dollar each. The affair promises to be a grand success. All right for Sanford.

M. C. Campbell's Minstrels, who occupy Odd Fellows' Hall, in Washington, D. C., are by no means neglected, although not doing so large a business as they would like to. They have no reason to complain, however.

Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels continue their successes in Philadelphia. Frank Moran introduces a burlesque on Heller, the second sight man, this week.

There is some talk of Sam Sanford joining forces with Artemus Ward, and visiting California, Australia, etc. It is intended to give double entertainments, in black and white, including the "Contraband" and A. Ward. Sanford and Ward would make a fine team.

Rumsey's Minstrels show at Corning, N. Y., on the 9th.

Duprez & Green's New Orleans and Metropolitan Opera Troupe have returned from New Orleans and Havana. Their stay in the latter place was but momentary, the minstrel business having been killed in that place by a party called the "Christy's," hailing from New Orleans. The latter was an abortion, and the "Habaneros" are now loth to look upon a minstrel show. The difference between greenbacks and gold is also against performers from the States, in the matter of hall rent, etc.

Ben Cotton is one of the best nigger cards that ever visited California. He is an immense favorite in San Francisco, and will, doubtless, remain there for an indefinite period. Maguire was running the minstrelsy alone at his Opera House. The "dark-complexioned men," as the fortune-tellers say, include Ben Cotton, Billy Birch, Billy O'Neil, Tommy Peel, Sam Wells, and R. Abecco, the latter recently from New York. A San Francisco correspondent, "H.," says: "Abecco was posted as a first-class tenor, and the consequence is, he has failed to satisfy public expectation, and is not much of a 'big favorite.' It will not do to make much of a splurge about performers unless they are first-class. The public can easily discriminate between the A No. 1's and the lower numbers."

Morningstar's Campbells are still in Memphis, Tenn., and a correspondent there says they are doing well. The same correspondent, C. Coriel, is very severe on Geo. J. Williams, late proprietor of the World's Star Band, for deserting that company in Cairo, but more particularly for leaving the agent of the Band, H. B. Nettleton, in a dying condition. Nettleton died on the 23d ult., as we announced in our last. Coriel was with Nettleton in his dying moments, and closed the eye of the deceased as the vital spark fled forever. The World's Star Band is also in Memphis.

There used to be a very healthy laugher among the audiences of Bryant's Minstrels occasionally, but *he* always laughed in the proper places. Now, in Chicago, the other night, a man was *arrested* for laughing in the wrong place whilst visiting Arlington & Donaldson's minstrels, who are performing in that city. He had such an *infernal* loud smile that he annoyed the performers and audience. The man was taken to the station-house by a policeman, and the next morning arraigned, but the Judge dismissed him with a reprimand. We hope that when this good-natured patron of the nigger visits the show again, he will be sure and see "where the laugh comes in" before bursting out.

Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, give some pretty hard knocks at the money-grabbers and speculators who are "fattening on the blood of the land." One song goes:

"Somebody wants to get the job to be commissionary,
All for to make de soger clothes up so nice and airy.
Dey make 'em fit so berry nice you cannot see de creases,
But when a soger blows his nose, he bursts himself to pieces."

Truth and poetry combined. "Seats may be secured three days in advance."

"Ive often paid a quarter to see a white man blacked up, but it's the first and last I shall ever shell out to see a regular blackamoor," said a friend of ours who went to see Fred Douglass the other night. You never find people talking so after going to Hooley's Opera House in Brooklyn, where they are entertained, amused, and accumulate flesh. Since Hooley's Minstrels took up their stand in the City of Churches and pretty girls, "real estate has riz."

Bob Hart and Lew Simmons' Minstrel Troupe, consisting of eighteen performers, showed at Port Jervis on the 4th, Deposit 5th, Ithica 6th and 7th, Owego the 9th, and Waverly on the 10th. So far their business has been very good indeed, notwithstanding they are sandwiched in between Rumsey's Minstrels, Carter Zouave Troupe and the Holman Family, all of whom are in close proximity, and occasionally follow one another in the same town. There seems to be quite a rivalry between the advance agents to see who can out bid the other. At Owego, when Hart & Simmons advance agent arrived there, he found Rumsey's Minstrels "billed" for Friday and Saturday. So he went to work and went very extensively into printer's ink and paste. In fact, every spot that could be found was covered with a bill announcing the party for Monday evening. We are glad to hear that Hart & Simmons' party have secured the valuable services of Col. T. Allston Brown as their advance agent. He is "well up in the business."

The "Juvenile Contrabands" is the name of a young minstrel party lately organized in Kentucky. They have appeared at Lexington, and are soon to start out "a fortune to seek."

A good paying route for a tip-top minstrel troupe lays, so it is thought, through Southern Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky.

"Metcalfe, Wood & Mooney's Cosmopolitan Serenaders" appeared at Lexington, Ky., at Odd Fellows' Hall, on Monday, Feb. 2d, to a $200 house. They are composed of amateurs, with the exception of Johnny Curry and Clate Wood, end men.

In our last we made mention of Johnny Booker's disclaimer as to the report of his having "skedaddled" from the "Foster Minstrels," in Albany, and we promised to give Booker's explanation. He says:—"I left a good engagement with Mr. Hooley, in Brooklyn, to go with this Foster, and it was through friendship that Mr. Hooley sent me with the company. Mr. Foster was represented to me as a man of ample means to carry the company through. Imagine my astonishment when he told me, at the very first stand we made, that he had no money. All bills were paid, except the hotel bill; I being acquainted, got the landlord of the New Haven Hotel to lend me eleven dollars to carry us to Hartford, while Mr. Foster remained behind, and drew a draft on certain parties in Brooklyn; he then came to Hartford, and the first night was slim. Mr. Foster returned to Brooklyn with the understanding that he would send me money, and meet us at Albany; and every bill was left unpaid. On Sunday I received a dispatch from Foster, saying, "Pay yours, Phineas' (his son), and Gaynor's board, and come home. I can't raise money." I had not five cents; I called the men together, and stated the facts; we agreed to play one night more, which we did, and paid all bills except hotel. I borrowed money, and got the company to Albany, where we played three nights to fair business, considering the weather. *All bills were paid*, and I had an honorable understanding with the company, drew out, and came home to Brooklyn, but did not "skedaddle." They were not engaged to me, nor I to them, consequently I had no cause or reason to "skedaddle."

Direct advices from Sharpley's Minstrels inform us that business continues good with them. They opened at Syracuse on the 6th, and notwithstanding a heavy snow storm, the house was "chock full." They go from thence to Rochester, Buffalo, and Toronto.

Sam Sanford, at his opera house in Harrisburg, is giving a series of farces and burlesques, in addition to regular minstrel entertainments. Last week he produced "La Sonnambula," "The Mummy," "The Rivals," "Frightened Family," "Cinderella," and "Bone Squash," and this week he announces John Brougham's "Pocahontas." Here is a succession of novelties equal to those presented at Wallack's Theatre, in New York. We believe this is the first time a minstrel company has brought out so many pieces in succession, and in such a short space of time. In a little while, we understand, Mr. Sanford will commence another traveling season, of which due notice will be given in the CLIPPER. Among the performers now engaged at Sanford's Opera House, in Harrisburg, are Myers, Dougherty, Brown, Williams, E. J. Turner, Haven, Hall, and Perry.

Morningstar's "Campbell Minstrels" were announced to appear at Odd

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1863.

TO SUBSCRIBERS, ADVERTISERS, AND OTHERS.

It may have escaped the observation of some, that three weeks since, on account of the extraordinary high price of paper we announced that hereafter the CLIPPER would be, for the time being, sold at Six Cents per copy, instead of four, as heretofore, but that our advertising rates would *remain the same*. For reference, and to facilitate business, we therefore append a schedule of rates:—

Single copy of the Clipper.6cts	Subscription for 6 months..$1 50
To Wholesale Dealers....4cts	Subscription for 4 months. 1 00
To Retail Agents,.....4½cts	Club of Four 10 50
Subscription, per annum..$3 00	Club of Eight.....20 00

In all cases in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion; a liberal deduction, will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication, Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday if possible.

$500!! $500!!

CHANCE FOR STORY TELLERS

$500 FOR THE BEST STORIES.

To be Adapted Expressly for the Readers of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In the absence of any greater inducements to bring out the talents of story writers, we hereby offer the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the three best stories which may be handed in to us by the 15th of March, 1863. Two hundred and fifty dollars will be given for the best story, one hundred and fifty dollars for the next in order of merit, and one hundred dollars for the third best. They must be written expressly for our columns, and to suit the tastes of the readers of the CLIPPER. We don't want any war stories. The stories must "open rich" at once, with the interest commencing at the start, and continuing to the end. The plot must be well laid, altogether original, with plenty of exciting and thrilling incidents—in a word, they must be fast stories, for a fast people. Each story must run thirteen weeks, to occupy the first page of the CLIPPER each week. We don't want any of those stereotyped, namby pamby stories which are manufactured now-a-days by steam, and sold by the cord, or ton. We want something fresh and exciting. The cash will be paid to the successful competitors as soon as the decision is rendered, which will be in time to commence the first prize story in the first number of the Eleventh Volume of the CLIPPER, commencing April 18, 1863.

The award will be made fair and square, without the least partiality or favoritism, and in accordance with the principles which guided us in awarding our first series of prizes in the year 1859, two of which were taken by parties of whom we had never even heard before, and whose names we did not see until a decision had been made. The editor of the CLIPPER will himself decide the question of superiority, and hand the money over to the successful authors. Stories not successful in taking a prize, will be at once returned to their owners, or purchased at a fair valuation, as may be mutually agreed upon. This is a BONA FIDE offer, and the money will be given if but three competitors enter. If but one should enter, that one will get the first prize, be his story good or bad. All communications must be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor of the NEW YORK CLIPPER,
29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5, 1863.

THE "GAG."—Since the rebellion broke out, everything seems to have turned topsy turvy. The police and judiciary of this city have usurped powers never assumed by any people before. It is difficult to determine where justice begins, or whether it has any beginning at all. Men are dragged away from their places of business without a word of explanation; the domestic circle is invaded; the sanctity of a wife's chamber is disregarded; all these things without the shadow of law to support them. A few nights ago, one of our reporters, in the pursuit of a legitimate calling, and attending to business for us, entered a public house in the upper part of the city somewhere, and had been there but a short time, when several members of the police department entered, arrested all present, and took them to the lock-up, where they were confined all night. The next morning, those who had the money were released upon the payment of five dollars each. There was no charge preferred against some of those thus released. What, then, were they arrested for? Why imprison a man who has committed no offence whatever? If committing an offence, why release him on the payment of five dollars? Is this law? Is it justice? Is it not rather the black mailing system revived? Governor Seymour promised to remedy the evils connected with the present police department. The people who put him in power look to him for justice. No redress can be had from Police authorities. If an explanation is demanded at their hands, the applicant is insulted, and threatened with arrest. Any individual may be arrested without cause, kept in confinement, and let off for money, according to the higher code of laws adopted by some of our authorities. This is an outrage of the vilest character, and the people will resist it by force of arms if Governor Seymour does not punish the scoundrels who are guilty of such lawless and high-handed infractions of a citizen's rights. Will he do it?

BILLIARDS AT THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Those benighted regions, an allusion to which in our school-boy days, conjured up the most vivid but horrible pictures in our imagination, of naked savages dancing around bonfires at which some unlucky white was being roasted alive against his will, and afterwards sitting down to "a bountiful repast" of cooked human, are fast becoming civilized, thanks to the efforts of our benevolent missionaries, Yankee Sullivan, Backus' Minstrels, Billiard Knights & Co., and China will soon, also, be brought under the benign influence of rational amusement, and sound CLIPPER doctrines, should the aforesaid missionaries, who wiped away a tear, left their paternal mansions, launched themselves on seas unknown to seek a habitation and a home in a far off land for the benefit of the world at large, and for the advancement of civilization, prove faithful to their trust:—

"From Greenland's mountain ices,
From Injia's coral stra—and
Shout the glad tidings, Hallelujah, All men!"

We always sing the above appropriate stanzas with our mind's eye, yes, dear reader, it's all in our eye, when such good news as the following comes to hand:—

"While the King Fisher, *en route* for Shanghae, was detained at Honolulu, the well-known billiard lights aboard as passengers, were kind enough to give the natives a specimen of their skill with the cue. Accordingly, a grand billiard tournament was arranged first at the Merchant's Exchange Billiard Saloon; and afterwards at Burgess' Billiard Saloon, beginning with a three ball carom game between Messrs. Carriere and Eaton, followed by a plain game of 500 points between Messrs. Eaton and Lynch, and concluded with a challenge of a grand discount game with any outsider."

THE MUSIC OF BULLETS.—A soldier, writing from one of the camps on the Potomac, thus alludes to the peculiar music made by bullets passing through the air:—"It is a very good place to exercise the mind, with the enemy's pickets rattling close at hand. A musical ear can study the different tones of bullets as they skim through the air. I caught the pitch on a large-sized Minie yesterday. It was a swell from E flat to F; and, as it passed into the distance, and lost its velocity, receded to D—a very pretty change. One of the most startling sounds is that of the Hotchkiss shell. It comes like the shriek of a demon, and the bravest old soldiers feel like ducking when they hear it. It is no more destructive than some other bullets; but there is a great deal in mere sound to work upon men's fears. The tremendous scream is caused by a ragged edge of lead which is left on the shell."

CON OREM,

THE TEETOTAL PUGILISTIC CHAMPION OF COLORADO.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

BY OUR CABIN BOY.

Whenever a fresh name springs up of persons remarkable for certain peculiarities or idiosyncracies, the reading public are always anxious to know all they can about those persons and their antecedents. In newspaper literature, parties adopting a nom de plume come in for an equal share of curiosity from those outside the ring, albeit when outsiders *do* know what they have so much craved for, their admiration for the genius, to a certain extent, ceases. People get all sorts of quaint ideas into their heads as to what this or that celebrity looks like, and are generally "all at sea" when they come to have an interview. So long as a literary male or female can keep their identity unknown, will people grow more interested in everything he or she does; but let the cat out of the bag, and where are you? Take, for example, Orpheus C. Kerr, Artemus Ward, Personne, Tom Quick, Edmund B. Price, Docsticks, or any of those worthy gentlemen who chose for a certain time to hide their light under an odd signature. What a rage there was at one time to find out who they were—and yet now that they, by their deeds, are found out, fully one-half the interest dies out with the discovery. Why this fact is so, is more than my simple philosophy can explain, and I should like to see the subject argued by some of those who are so much abler to advance arguments than your humble servant. This much by way of introduction. The present subject is not a literary character; he sails under his own colors; but there has been so much mystery in connection with his name, that our Captain requested me to find out all I could about him, and write it up. Then, let's to the point at once.

Con Orem's great-grandfather originally came from England, and was one of the first settlers in America from a European country. His calling was that of a Methodist minister, as also that of his son, or Con's grandfather. Con's father imbibed most of the good qualities of his forefathers, and received a strict religious education, which he in turn imparted to the subject of this sketch. Mr. Orem, Sr., was not such a Puritan as to believe evil came out of being connected with vigorous exercise and sporting recreations, and while he instilled the trade of blacksmithing, and put pious doctrines into the junior's head, he also taught him the rudiments of how to become a scientific wrestler, he himself being one of the very first artists in that line in the State of Maryland, in which State he was brought into the world. Con was born in 1835, in Carroll County, Ohio, and brought up at Fort Finlay, in the same State, until he became of age, when he had acquired such great prowess in the wrestling art, that he started on a tour throughout the West, engaging in matches everywhere he went, for from $20 to $300 a side, generally coming off successful. Up to this time, and ever since, the present champion of Colorado made it his doctrine to touch, taste, or handle not, either spirituous or malt liquors, or use tobacco in any shape or form. For three generations his ancestors have, with slight exceptions, followed up this course of life.

After travelling five years he fetched up in Denver City, Colorado Territory, where he started in the business of a blacksmith, and got along so well, that in a short time he was enabled to employ quite a number of "jours," and earned money very fast. He spent most of his leisure time in the Rocky Mountains, buffalo hunting and shooting game, living pretty much like a Western pioneer, camping out and roughing it generally. In this way he became quite an expert with the rifle and bowie knife, and has had many a hand to hand conflict with Old Bruin.

Con's first regular ring fight was in the spring of 1861, when he met a man called "Texas," and whipped him easily in two rounds. Previous to this, in the winter of 1860, he had a slight brush with Jack O'Neil, who was counted something of a fighter, and soon after this street-fuss, a match was arranged, but it was broken off by the death of O'Neil, who was shot. Con has had several rough and tumbles, and was regarded by those professing to be good judges of muscle, as a well made-up man. The friends of Orem now began to look about for some plucky fellow against whom they could pit their favorite. They soon after found a customer in Enoch Davis, "Rough Enoch," an old fighter of long experience, who intimated that he was ready to fight their man. Some little chaffing was indulged in on either side, and two or three cards appeared in the newspapers, which finally led to a match for $500 a side.

Enoch Davis, an Englishman, was quite an old rooster, being born in Birmingham, in 1819. He first entered the ring in 1835, with Toney Wilkes, fighting sixty rounds in two hours and twenty minutes, ending in a draw. Enoch's first battle in this country was with Patsy Flynn, of the Fourth Ward, New York, on the 17th of December, 1855, when, after fighting twenty-two rounds, a wrangle took place, and the fight ended in a row, Patsy eventually getting the money. Davis also fought James Laverty, at St. Louis, in 1857, one hundred and two rounds in one hour and nine minutes, which also ended in a wrangle. Laverty and Flynn are both deceased. Enoch was originally a bellows maker, and is still living.

Orem and Davis were to fight on the 24th of August, 1861, and six weeks previous both went into active training. As a stall, Con's friends started the rumor that he had never put on a glove until the winter of 1860, and that six lessons were the sum total of his instruction in the manly art. This, I am informed, was a "gag" for the purpose of getting on bets. They met on the specified date some two miles from Denver City, on the Platte Road, and some two thousand spectators assembled to see the fight. The location was all that could be desired, and seats were arranged one above another nearly round the entire enclosure. A short time before the fight, the planking broke down, and all who had seats were precipitated to the ground. Fortunately no one was killed, but some fifteen or twenty were injured, some of them quite seriously. However, all seemed in good humor, and provided themselves with *standees* as well as they could.

At half-past three o'clock Davis shied his chapeau into the ring, and was greeted with cheers. Soon after, Orem followed suit, and was also well received. Con stood 5ft. 6¼in., and weighed 145 lbs. Enoch's height was 5ft. 9in., and weight, 150 lbs. Davis was seconded by McIntosh and Tom Corwin; Orem by Charley Switz and Davidson; George officiated as referee. According to the *Rocky Mountain News* of the 24th August, 1861, an extra issued on the evening of the fight, the affair lasted one hour and forty minutes, in which 109 rounds were fought, Davis either being thrown, getting knocked down, or falling in every round. The *News* said in its remarks:—"Davis exhibited good science and great game, but the immense strength of Orem, and the terrific batteries which he poured constantly into the somewhat damaged hull of his adversary, could not but tell fearfully.....Con's a model of strength, of symmetry, and agility, and his habits have been almost those of an anchorite. He was as active and spry as a kitten after the fight was over, although severely punished about the face."

In April of 1862, considerable bantering took place between Charley Switz and Con Orem, and it is said a challenge passed between them. Be that as it may, poor Charley never lived to see its consummation, for in a month or two afterwards he was dispatched by a pistol shot in the hands of a man he had once severely beaten. Since then, and until his advent in this city, little has been heard of him. His style and capabilities were fully argued in last week's CLIPPER.

Con is now in the hands of Mr. William Clarke, teacher of boxing in this city, and is progressing as well as his best friends could wish. In a month or so he talks of going on a sparring tour with a few New-York boxers, and when tired of that, if nothing turns up of importance here, he will go over to England. These are his "intentions," as I have it from good authority, but whether they will be carried out or not has yet to be proved. As Pete Gallagher says, "Talk is cheap, but money buys land," and unless Con took over a ship-load of pork to sell again at a big percentage, the extraordinary price of gold would make sad havoc with his Treasury notes, for they won't look at "greenbacks" in England. Con has ambition enough to face even a Jem Mace, and if he had the science, he might prove a troublesome customer to the pugilistic Paganini. But he has a great deal to learn yet, and what he does know should be all cast aside, to commence the whole routine over again, that is, if he would become a scientific champion. His natural fighting qualities and wrestling powers, had he science, would make him a regular hummer, and one of these days he will be heard of as a bright representative of an American boxer.

FOREIGN SPORTING ITEMS IN BRIEF.

THE POLICE AMONG THE PUGILISTS.—The merry days of old, as regards pugilism, are evidently at an end, on both sides of the "big say," and the boxers find it very difficult to get their "little affairs" off in peace and quietness. It was so with the match, Allmey vs Thompson, of Nottingham (a relation of the renowned Bendigo), which was to have been decided some six weeks since, then on Jan. 6, for £20. It then, from the same cause, was postponed to Jan. 13, and a like fate awaited them; and the affair, at last advices, was in abeyance.

JACK LYNCH AND GEORGE HENLY, the former at 9st 4lb, the latter at catch weight, have their £25 a side all up, and they were to set themselves in battle array some time during the week ending Jan. 24.

THE MACE VS GOSS match is progressing, and another instalment of "the saponacious medium" had to be made on Jan. 30.

YOUNG DUTCH SAM AND DREWE are matched.

SIMON FINIGHTY, an old opponent of Charley Lynch, and Young Hartley have planked their last dime for their battle, which has, no doubt, been decided some days. Our foreign contemporaries are mute on the date question, to keep the blues off the scent.

BILLIARD HANDICAP.—The first annual billiard handicap at Cambridge, Eng., resulted in favor of a Mr. Cole.

"SHOWING THE WHITE FEATHER."—A phrase expressive of cowardice; used, for instance when a person has notoriously shrunk from the performance of some duty through fear, when he is said to have shown the white feather. *Origin*: Now among game-cocks a cross-breed bird is known by a white feather in the tail. Anciently the breed of game fowls was strictly preserved in England, for, though birds of all descriptions were reared in the farm yard, special care was taken that game fowls did not mix with them; but this would occasionally happen, and while the treasured birds were only red and black, white feathers would naturally appear when there was any cross. The slightest impurity of breed is said to destroy the bird's courage, and the half breeds were never trained for the pit.

It became an adage that any cock would fight on his own dunghill, but it must be one without a white feather to fight in a pit.

PENCILLINGS FROM THE POTOMAC.

BY "PIPES."

PICTURES—GENERAL KEARNEY AND HIS "MANASSAS PET"—OUR NEW COMMANDER, "FIGHTING JOE" HOOKER," ETC., ETC.

IN CAMP, NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., Feb. 4, 1863.

"Way down in 'Ole Virginny, where the trees they hang so low,
Where the coon among the branches play, and the mink he keeps below."

DEAR CLIPPER—The above *elegant* selection from a once popular "nigga" melody, would be a somewhat faithful description of our present habitation, were it not that the said coon and mink, unaccustomed as they are to the refined Northern society now denizens of this God-forsaken part of our once happy country, have "vamosed the ranch" and the aforesaid trees which did once "hang so low," have, after being laid still lower by the soldier's axe, vanished into thin air, the "boys" having made them instrumental in resisting the too cooling embraces of that venerable old gentleman, John Frost, Esq.

Amid all the discomforts and inconveniences of our present sojourning, our mind, with pleasing recollection, wanders back to the time, just one week ago, when we were a visitor to your goodly city of Gotham, and where we, in company with your "controlling intellect" and some of your prominent "show fellers" indulged in a quiet "smile" and a "dozen roast" at that cosy institution, "The Express," situated just "round" the corner from whence is issued that spicy little sheet denominated the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Since our return to this land, once flowing with "milk and honey," and celebrated alike for being the "Mother of Presidents and statesmen," the home of the "F. F. V.'s," and the very acme of chivalry—the latter now "played out," or, to use a more polite phrase, as Shakespeare somewhere has it,

"Most active valiant, or most valiant young,
Most daring or most noble is not now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds!"

But a truce to this poetry and "gab," and come back to first principles. Since our return, as I said before, we have, with a pertinacity and assiduity worthy of commendation, been endeavoring to discover some circumstances here transpiring, upon which to dilate, in order that I might, if not amuse, instruct your readers. But "nary an item."

Having in view this failure to promulgate something new, and earnestly desiring to "spoke mit you some-tings," we propose to make mention of some of the minor peculiarities connected with an army in the field, which will doubtless be to many, new, entertaining and instructive, while to others it will be but an "old story."

The "Historians," who are now, and have been with our army since the breaking out of this accursed rebellion, and who are daily communicating something interesting to the various enterprising loyal journals scattered throughout the north and west, seem to have entirely lost sight of these minor peculiarities, and for this reason one of the "rank and file" will attempt an explanation, fully aware though that it will be a difficult matter without the aid of illustration. First then

THE PICKETS.

There is scarcely a reader of a daily journal but has read of picket stations, reserve pickets, picket fires, picket scenes, etc. Many of said readers doubtless have some idea of what is meant by such expressions, but in the main are incorrect, and such as are incorrect, we propose to enlighten, if possible.

Picket lines are invariably established by all armies, whether large or small, when in the field, and sometimes even when doing garrison duty in forts. These picket lines are thrown out sometimes entirely around the encampment of the main body, and again only towards that part facing the enemy. The distance at which they are so established differs in almost every case, depending altogether upon the topography of the country, and the apprehended danger. The parties selected to occupy this line and do picket duty, are detailed by regiments or brigades, from the infantry arm of the service, as the exigencies of the case may call for, each regiment or brigade taking its turn. Generally speaking, the pickets so detailed remain out but a day. But when the picket lines are established so far from camp, as at the present time, from three to four miles, they are provided with blankets, haversacks, knapsacks, shelter tents, and with rations sufficient to last for three days.

Upon reaching the point designated as the picket line, the command is divided into two equal parts. The portion who are to first stand picket guard, are simply stationed behind some rock, amid trees, or in some secluded spot, where he can see and not be seen, and where he must remain almost motionless, whether it be wet or dry, hot or cold. The distance apart that these stations are established, depends altogether upon the nearness of the enemy, and what may be the supposed danger of an attack. The second party, of the so divided command, then retire, say from a quarter to half a mile, to some convenient spot within easy call of the picket guard and where they are permitted to amuse themselves as may best please them, until such time as the party first standing guard are to be relieved. When out for a day, it is usual to make this relief every six, sometimes every four, hours. This latter body is known as the reserve picket, their amusement being generally to visit the farm houses in the neighborhood, and if any "putty gals" are found therein, to chat with them. If no girls, a talk with the "niggers" is had. When tired of that, a pig, chicken, or sheep are "confiscated." A blazing fire is built, the aforesaid pig, chicken, or sheep are nicely cooked, and last and by no means the least amusing part of the performance, is the masticating of the same. This does not comprise the whole picket force, for in addition to the above, there are what is known as cavalry videttes, whose duty it is to be in advance of the infantry station. These are mounted, and are posted upon an eminence, where they remain stationary, seated upon their horses. There are also cavalry patrols, who move from vidette to vidette, and whose duty it is to report to the officer in command of pickets, what information the former have gained, and there are as well, infantry patrols, who have similar duties to perform, only visiting the infantry stations. The officer commanding these picket forces is the officer in command of a regiment, if but a single regiment is sent out, and a Brigadier General, if a brigade. Under this arrangement, it will readily be seen that the vidette is the first to discover approaching danger. When such a discovery is made, the cavalry patrol dashes from vidette to vidette, and gives warning, and all retire to the rear of the infantry stations. The reserve is then called up, when all open upon the advancing enemy, and should they not be able to stay the advancing columns, they retire in as good order as possible to their main body, who, being at first apprised of the approach of the enemy, are found drawn up in line of battle, fully prepared to meet and check the advancing force.

During the present "unholy war," however, we have never as yet been advised of the time when our pickets have been "driven in," as above described, we invariably being the attacking party, and consequently the drivers in. But, as above described, will be the "*modus operandi*," if they ever have spunk enough to attack us.

We would in this communication speak of how a line of battle is formed, but as we have some few other matters to speak of, and fearing we are already somewhat too lengthy, if not prosy, we will defer said explanation until another time.

THE LATE GENERAL KEARNEY AND HIS MANASSAS PET.

Some time during the month of December, one of the Newark, N. J., dailies, in a small item among the local news, made mention of the sale at auction of a horse belonging to the late General Kearney. The article, whether intentional or not we do not propose to decide, seemed to censure the friends of the lamented General for allowing the horse, in the first place, to be sold, and in the second, if it must have been disposed of, for permitting it "to go" at so low a figure, in the same article implying that the horse sold was one of the General's pets. We were somewhat familiar with General Kearney during the period of his connection with our present army, and are knowing, too, to all the circumstances connected with his ownership of said horse. The animal mentioned as being sold, was captured by the 29th Indiana, Col. Brown, at the time of Hooker's and Kearney's Divisions making a reconnoisance out on the Williamsburg road, towards Richmond, on the 20th of June last, and was taken from a rebel Colonel. It exhibited no extraordinary traits of superiority, nor was it esteemed by General Kearney, only in a mediocre sense. His pet was a dark grey mare, which he denominated his "Manassas Pet," for which he did not deem five thousand dollars too high a price.

This mare was purchased of a good and truly loyal man, at Halifax Court House, and, we learn, is now in possession of the General's bereaved widow. At the time of the purchase of said mare, and of the same party, he bought a pack mule, which, when we moved from Harrison's Landing, was left at the house of a Mr. Jordan, who lived near to Jones' Ford on the Chickahominy. We should not have made mention of the published article in question, were it not to correct any unfavorable impressions that might be formed, relative to the respect entertained by his friends, of the late lamented, noble, and brave Phil Kearney.

OUR NEW COMMANDER.

Major General Joseph Hooker, whose *sobriquet* is "Fighting Joe," is now, and has been since assuming the rein of government, making himself sensibly seen, heard, and felt.

Each and every department of our grand army is being vigorously and energetically searched, in order to discover and eradicate therefrom each and every particular "screw" which may be loose. All abuses of a trifling or greater magnitude are being abolished. General Imbecility was among the first to be discharged. General Delay's papers are approved, and he will go next. General Inefficiency was soon dismissed the service, while an active search is being made for General Error, in order to give him, as well, his *quietus*. These will make room for Generals Skilfulness, Order, Competency, and Promptness, all of whom will soon be in command. In fact, grand General Overhauling now seems to be our most prominent commander. These wholesome changes, it must be admitted, evidences at least a disposition to achieve a positive success in any forward movement that may be inaugurated. Well and truly do we know your predilection for "Little Mac," yet we fancy that you will join heartily with us in wishing "Fighting Joe" god-speed.

MUD VS. ICE.

The thick, deep, solid, "mushy" mud, that has, since our "pic nic" excursion to Banks' Ford, when the pontoons didn't "come to time," been the prevailing characteristic of the changeable soil beneath, has finally "knocked under" to "Freezing Jack," and become as hard and solid as an old miser's heart. Should the present clear cold weather continue for a week or so, a forward movement of some kind may be promulgated. Nuff ced.

"HOMEWARD BOUND!"

A TRIP FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY OUR CABIN BOY.

SECURING SEATS AT TABLE—A WORD ABOUT MY EATING COMPANIONS—"GETTING BACK" AT THREE COCKNIES—WHAT TOOK THE "YANKS" OVER TO LONDON—CONTENTS OF SECOND TABLE—DOBSON, THE YOUNG LADY, AND THE "COW-MILKER"—RICH SCENE—A CRAZY LOON—OTHER CHARACTERS—AN ARGUMENT WITH A D.D.—HOW THE BIG SHIP PROPELS—HER GOOD AND BAD TRAITS.

At our first breakfast, the majority picked out their positions to sit at table for the whole journey, and as out of eighty second cabin passengers all couldn't occupy "eligible positions" so as to be handy to all the best dishes, and near the end of each table, the quiet fellows like myself gave way to the more greedy customers, and didn't select a seat until pretty much everybody else had. Never expecting to see any of them again, I took no particular pains to find out their names, but among the fourteen hundred passengers, I will guarantee that one thousand will recognize the different individuals from what little may be written about them. At our table were twelve persons altogether. A Frenchman and his wife; a New Yorker and his better half; a jolly fun-maker of sandy complexion, called Mac, and his sister-in-law, possessed of a piercing black eye, second only to the lovely Adah's, "sought after by all men" for her vivacity and fine spirits; three young Cocknies, "great" in their own estimation, regular "students" who spoke in a sort of a Waterem Wyndham squeak, and like that "sight for a father," parted their hair down the middle; (I rather like to see a lady's hair fixed thus *negligé*, with a stray lock falling gracefully over her broad, classical forehead, but when a man goes to part his hair like a woman, I feel like going right up and mussing it all over—don't *you?*) an old widow all alone; a Presbyterian minister, and the "good-looking" writer (who's that, said "Question?") Out of this party, seven were visiting America for the first time. The "old residents" had various objects in going to Europe. Our Presbyterian minister—a d——d nice fellow—was over there studying German and also for his health, being troubled with bronchitis very badly. Mac went over to bring out his sister-in-law—a buxom Welch lassie—and she proved good company for him. The Yorker and his lady were returning from the International Exhibition, and as for myself—well, I went over to see the boxers and their handsome wives—upon my honor I didn't find a homely one amongst them all—as much as anything, with what success you have been informed.

At the next table, I hardly know who was there. There was Hodson and Dodson—one, a powerfully built, dry and facetious customer from the far West, who had crossed the Atlantic with a ship-load of flour on speculation and to see the Exhibition—the other a Pennsylvania Dutchman, connected with patents, and a sort of general agent for American goods in the International. Hodson was accompanied by his niece. Among the others were a Mr. and Mrs. Smith; two fair, curly-haired sisters, of goodly exterior and comely to look upon; and the inventor of the wringing machine and "cow-milker." These are all I can call to mind at that table just now. Speaking of "cow-milkers," Captain, I mustn't forget to tell you of an anecdote that happened to Dodson. It appears the aforesaid Dodson fell in with some fine English girls at the hotel he was stopping at in London, who were curious to see these cow-milking machines. Dodson, with his native gallantry, took them to the show, and after examining the goods in the American department, (very poorly represented in the late Exhibition—a few fire engines, reaping machines, a dozen or so of Brady's photographs, and some patent Yankee notions) they came across the object of their search, the "cow-milker." A rough sort of animal was tending the machine, and by request of the ladies, Dodson asked him to explain the *modus operandi*. "Well, yer see, master, being as how we arn't got no cows here I can't very well do *that*, but if that ere lady is willin to let me operate on *her*, I can show yer in a minute!" This was one of the awfullest things anybody ever heard of, and if you could have seen that couple skoot for more congenial quarters, you'd a thought all the detectives in London were after them. Just fancy her feelings, and imagine yourself in the same predicament. As for Dodson, he never went into the building afterwards, and whenever the "cow-milker" was mentioned, he fairly groaned with rage. You can rely on this joke as being ventilated for the first time in this letter, and at the risk of getting hauled over the coals by some of my lady acquaintances, I determined to have it in print. No doubt the aforesaid English lass has often told it to her female friends, for you know right well, women *can't* keep a secret, but I doubt if she ever told it to a gentleman. Now, everybody knows it. What ought to be done with the ruffian who tended the machine I leave to a committee of ladies.

The central table was presided over by Mr. Muir, a half-crazy, dreamy enthusiast, who possessed an idea that he could by a certain process, pay off the national debt of Great Britain in one year, if they'd let him have his own way, and he was on his way to make similar propositions to our government at Washington. We had more fun with this Muir than anybody on board, which I shall show as we sail along. Besides Muir, were Captain Hinckley, Maughm, Miss W., and her father, a gluttonous old Scotchman who cared more for his big belly than all the rest of us put together; a tall young Kentuckian, partly secesh, who went to England to select a wife, and succeeded in getting one of the sweetest little creatures I ever saw in my life; two young girls and one of the "B'hoys," and numerous others I can't call to mind. There was still another table, but about the only one I knew was Mr. Morrison, the jeweler of Hudson street—oh! no; hold on, I forgot all about two other young ladies that Cap. Hinckley and I got acquainted with by playing cards and sipping whiskey together. That was after the first Sunday, but I thought it was as well to tell you now. They were first-rate company, and it was mighty hard for us to separate when bed-time came round. I thought "the world and all of them" then, but now you see I came very near forgetting even to mention them—in fact I have forgotten their names. You see, others are continually occupying a fellow's time and attention, "every where I roam," and the chances are, that if a man were to go to the Antipodes, he would be got on a string, or get somebody else on a string before he came back again. How is it, Frank?

I'm a good while getting over the passengers, and haven't half of them down now. We had eighty in the second cabin alone. I only intend to write of those who figured most conspicuously on the voyage, so keep this fact in mind. Eventually we all got through with breakfast—such as it was—and the majority went up on deck.

Before going any farther, allow me to have my "say" as to whether the Great Eastern doesn't rock or not. I've not the slightest desire to mar the interests or run down this magnificent specimen of the genius of man, but at the same time, when ministers of the Gospel so far forget themselves as to draw up a set of resolutions and have them published in the Liverpool papers, to the effect that she "has no unpleasant motion at all," I want to have a clinch with them. Perhaps their word will be taken before mine—never mind that, it don't discourage me in the least. What I am going to say is, that the Great Eastern rolls as much, if not more than any of the other steamers, when contending against cross-seas, whereas, with a stiff head wind she moves along as graceful as a black swan. Perhaps the waves don't come over the deck, "nor nothing of that sort," but please consider her enormous height from the water's edge. Egad, I wouldn't want to see *her* bulwarks dip, as the old Plymouth Rock's did, and I can pretty well imagine the scene of terror on board when she wrenched off her paddle wheels on the Irish coast. One thing I will say in the Big Ship's favor, and that is, from her extreme length, a person can scarcely perceive that she pitches at all. Of the two, rolling is decidedly more unpleasant to those inclined to be sea-sick than pitching, and how a parson could write such a "whopper," with one-fourth of the women, more or less, "heaving their hearts out," I can't conceive. As a citizen said when being called up to testify against a policeman, "It's no use me saying anything—that fellow can *outswear* me all day!" So say I to the Doctor of Divinity, but if he wants to argue the matter in the columns of the CLIPPER, I'll give him all the argument he desires, and fight him a glove fight afterwards. How's *that*, Brother Beecher? There's another very unpleasant feature specially annoying, and that is the continual clouds of dust that escape from the five funnels, blacking, blinding, and destroying everything in its way. A single half hour on deck will give a person's eyes the appearance of a miner's, while a white collar or shirt would change its color as if it had been dyed. I suppose this nuisance exists more or less on all steamers, though not to the same extent as on the Great Eastern, I guess. But enough of this growling for the present. I was sick of it before starting, and now, very likely, you are sick, too.

QUEER CUSTOMS IN THE POLAR REGIONS.—The Icelandic peasantry are lazy to the last conceivable degree, revoltingly dirty in their persons and habits, very curiously devoid of all portions of delicacy and propriety, thoroughly selfish and mercenary. "No power on earth can divert an Icelander from his accustomed ways." They think no scenes in any country can equal some of their valleys which chance to have a little green grass and a few stunted trees. The universal mode of salutation at meeting and parting, is a loud kiss. The peasant kisses the daughters of the magistrate, and they kiss him in return. The pastor is also kissed on Sunday, after service, by all his flock. In short, a kiss in Iceland is equivalent to our hand-shaking; yet the people are all honest. There is no prison on the island; there are no criminals; no locks, bolts or bars, though drunkenness is a very common vice.

A THROUGH TICKET.—A few days since, a young lady of Cincinnati, whose personal attractions constitute her a *belle*, in a playful mood abstracted a valuable diamond ring from the finger of one of her admirers, and placed it in her mouth. The swain used a little gentle force to recover the jewel, when in the struggle she swallowed it. It was a costly morsel, but the gentleman bore the loss with a good grace, comparing the lady to "the wealth of Rome," who, in their extravagance, were in the habit of thus disposing of "pearls of great price." In a day or two, however, he received the ring, bright and sparkling as ever, the process to which it was subjected not having detracted an iota of its value. In return he sent the lady a memento of equal value with the assurance that the original ring was now from *association* valued by him as beyond all price.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. KEYES, Boston.—Your attack in Mr. Schlesinger's Congress Problem will not effect a mate in *five*, if correctly defended. He has furnished us with the proper defence, and refers you to that point in his examination of what constitutes a first-class problem, which states that one prominent point of excellence is that there should be several paths apparently leading to a mate, but not quite accomplishing it. Into one of these *seeming* paths your "*two hours*" study has merely misled and left you. He now retracts his challenge, as far as Boston is concerned, and challenges you to solve it *at all!*

JOHN SCHLESINGER.—Your last at hand. There seems to be so much uncertainty (except the certainty of some mistakes) about that game, that we are sure, on reflection, you will agree with us on the injudicious policy of publishing your hastily written missive. *If* the winner of that game is the person you think, your most chess-like remedy is to give him a Kt, apply Frere's "con-sid-er-a-tion test," if necessary; beat him soundly, and publish those games that will best contrast with the one in question. Isn't that so—eh?

McDONNELL AND MACKENZIE.—There appears to be some rather sharp set "carding" going on about the match between these distinguished amateurs. But these same "cards" have brought out a very interesting comparison of the style of each of these gentlemen, which we gladly reproduce from the *Irish Sporting Record*. It says:—"There are *two* classes of players who become prominent, of which these antagonists represent different types.

Mr. M'Donnell who has been rendered rather famous lately by his success in the great London tournament, and who became recently, in the more narrowed arena of London clubs, almost a spoiled child of victory," is remarkable for brilliancy in his combinations and originality in his style, although coming under the category of slow players.

Mr. Mackenzie, on the other hand, to whom I offer my humble tribute of praise for great ability, finished style, and rapidly increasing reputation at chess, is one of the quickest players of the day, and gifted with a power of seeing his position with an enemy almost at a glance and intuitively takes a very fair move after exceedingly short reflection. This gives him, of course, immense superiority over a player differently organized, whose mind may wander from the shifting glass to the changing board, with, I may say, a divided anxiety which interferes with his concentration of thought, and frequently alters the catastrophe at the end." We suppose the "shifting glass" here alluded to, refers to the turning of the "hour glass;" which marks the limited time of each move, when such limitation is agreed upon. It would infallibly cause a "divided anxiety" to a slow player.

CHESS REVIEW.—In the last two numbers of the *Era* which have reached us, Herr Loewenthal has given us his "Annual Chess Review," with all his usual ability at summing up the events of the year, and with much more than his usual fulness. As the paper is so lengthy, and with nothing in particular (of course there could not be) about American Chess, we do not re-produce it.

ENIGMA No. 367.

WORLD'S CONGRESS FIRST PRIZE PROBLEMS.

"NYMPH IN THY ORISONS."

BY DR. CONRAD BAYER.

at his Kt 2, K B 2, K B 6, K Kt 6, K 3, K 4, Q B 2d.

at Q 5, Q R 4, K 4, Q 2, Q B 6, Q Kt 7, Q B 5, K Kt 2d.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

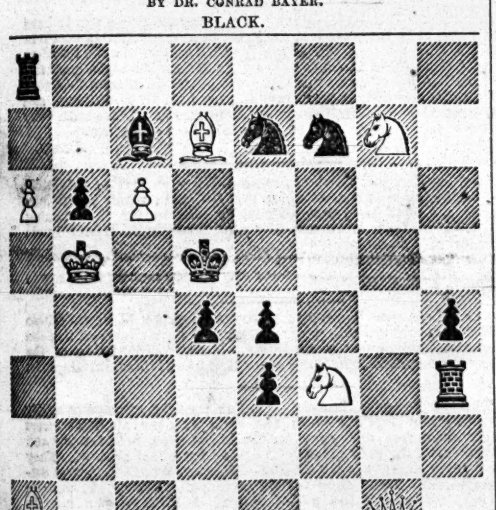
PROBLEM No. 367.

WORLD'S CONGRESS FIRST PRIZE PROBLEMS.

"NYMPH IN THY ORISONS."

BY DR. CONRAD BAYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

GAME No. 367.

Played by telegragh on the 12th ult., between the Ontario Club of Hamilton, and St. Catherines, C. E., the players being mostly the same as in the game we recently gave.

EVANS GAMBIT.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	14. K B × P	Q Kt to B 3
2. K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	15. K B × Kt	K R × B
3. K B-B 4	K B-B 4	16. P-Q 5	Q-K B 3 (*e*)
4. P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	17. K R-K sq +	K-Q sq
5. P-Q B 3	B-Q B 4	18. Q P × Kt	P-Q 3 (*f*)
6. Castles	P-K R 3 (*a*)	19. Q Kt-Q 2	P-K Kt 4 (*g*)
7. P-Q 4	K P × P	20. Q Kt-B 4	B × B P +
8. B P × P	B-Q Kt 3	21. K × K B	P-K Kt 5
9. Q-her Kt 3	Q-K 2 (*b*)	22. Q Kt × P	B P × Kt
10. Q B-R 3	Q Kt-R 4	23. P-B 7 +	K × B P
11. Q-her R 4	Q-K B 3	24. Q-her B 4 +	K-Kt sq
12. P-K 5	Q-home (*c*)	25. Q R-B sq	Q-home
13. P-K 6 (*d*)	B P × P	26. Q × R, and wins.	

Notes by Hamilton.

(*a*) Losing valuable time, of which the Defence have none to spare.

(*b*) It would have been much better to have gone at once to K B 3d. Again a loss of time.

(*c*) Had the Defence played 12. . Q to K Kt 3d, Hamilton would still have replied 13. . P to K 6th; and had the Defence played 12. . Q to her B 3d, the Attack would win by the retort, Q to her Kt 4th.

(*d*) Hamilton has now acquired a very strong attack, and the Defence is almost hopeless.

(*e*) They have noth'ng better—cannot save their Kt.

(*f*) To take Q R would cost their Queen.

(*g*) Trying an attack—their first and last.

An excellently fought battle in the match between Herr Steinitz and Mr. Blackburne.—*Era.*

THE FIANCHETTO.

Steinitz.	Blackburne.	Steinitz.	Blackburne.
1. P to K 4	P to Q Kt 3	30. Kt to Q B 3	P to Q B 3
2. P-Q 4	Q B-Kt 2	31. K B-K 4	B P × P
3. K B-Q 3	B-K 3	32. Kt × Q P	Q B × Kt
4. Q Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 3	33. B P × B	Q Kt-K 2
5. Q B-K 3	K B-Kt 2	34. Q R-Q sq	Kt-Q B sq
6. Q-her 2	P-Q 3	35. R-Q B sq	Q Kt-Q 3
7. K Kt-K 2	Q Kt-Q 2	36. R-B 7 +	K-his B sq
8. Castles, K R	K Kt-K 2	37. K B-Q 3	P-K 5
9. P-K B 4	Castles	38. B-Q B 4	Kt × B P
10. P-B 5 (*h*)	K P × P	39. R × R B	P-K 6 +
11. K P × P	Q Kt-K B 3	40. K-his 2	Q R-K sq
12. Q B-R 6	Q-her 2	41. R-K R 7	Kt-Q 5 +
13. K Kt-his 3	Q R-K sq	42. K-Q 3	K-Kt sq
14. Q-Kt 5 (*i*)	K B × B (*j*)	43. R-K 7 (*l*)	Q R × R
15. Q × K B	K to his R sq	44. P-Q 6 dis +	R-K B 2
16. Q Kt-K 2	Q Kt-Kt sq	45. K × Q Kt	K-his B sq
17. Q-K R 4	Q-home	46. K-Q 5	K-home (*m*)
18. Q Kt-B 4	K Kt Q 4	47. K-Q B 6	K-Q sq
19. Q × Q	Q R × Q	48. K × Kt P (*n*)	P-K B 4
20. Q R-K sq	K Kt × Kt	49. P-Q R 4	R-K B 3 (*o*)
21. K R × Kt	P-K Kt 4	50. K-Q B 6	P-K B 5
22. K R-B 2	P-K B 3	51. P-Q R 5	K-Q B sq
23. K R-K 2	Q B-Q 4	52. P-Q R 6	K-Q Kt sq
24. P-Q B 4	B-K B 2	53. P-Q Kt 4	R-K B sq
25. P-Q 5	K R-K sq	54 P-Q 7	R-B 3 +
26. K-his B 2	K R-K 4	55. K-Q 5	K-Q B 2
27. P-Q Kt 3	P-K R 4 (*k*)	56. P Queens +	K × 2d Q
28. K R × R	Q P × R	57. P-Q R 7, and Blackburne resigned.	
29. K Kt-K 4	K-his Kt 2		

(*h*) This at once infuses spirit into the game.

(*i*) Threatening to win a piece by B × B, K × B, B × P, followed by R × Kt, &c.

(*j*) Mr. Blackburne judiciously selected the best move.

(*k*) The game has thus far been played with great judgment and care on both sides; the position being about even.

(*l*) Ingenious, but hardly sound.

(*m*) The position here forms a study of remarkable interest, and is deserving the reader's closest attention.

(*n*) It is quite evident that the Attack could not have taken the Rook without allowing the adverse P to go unimpeded to Queen.

(*o*) Played without due consideration. Mr. Blackburne must have otherwise perceived that this move seriously compromises his game. He should have played K to Q 2d, followed by R to K B sq, with the better game.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHARLES A. COOPER, Providence, R. I.—Position received and on file for examination. Solutions correct.

S. O. H., Jamesburg, N. J.—There are no head-quarters of Draught players in this city. At Mr. Luhr's Saloon, 78 Pike street, is the best place to find players. There are also boards and men at the Morphy Rooms, corner of Broadway and Fourth street.

J. W. SHERMAN, Farmersville, N. Y.—Please read "$200 a side," instead of "$20 a side," as in our last issue.

A LOOKER ON, N. Y.—You are correct regarding the game; it *was* mislaid. With the usual characteristic of "true merit," it "retired" into the "back corner" of our side pocket, only to be recovered an hour previous to the present writing. Be kind enough to pass our regards to the "Dons," with the assurance that we "like their style."

W. S. KNIGHT, N. Y.—Glad to hear from you. Thanks for Positions. Of the first, we would remark that we "can't see it!" and therefore conclude that you have committed an oversight in transcribing the numbers. The "Posish" as given, stands thus:

Black men on 2, 12, 13 and 15.
Black kings on 27 and 29.
White men on 10, 20 and 23;

and by the solution we infer that a White man should occupy 18.
White kings on 5 and 7.

Now as 20 to 16 does not force Black to go 12 to 26, but leaves 2 to 20 open, how can White win? Please see that a "proper account be rendered." We consider the second a good practical End-Game, and as such, give it a place in our corner this week.

B., Philadelphia.—Express has placed $10 in our hands. Please forward a lik amount, directed to Office NEW YORK CLIPPER, together with your analysis—the winner to "take the pile."

A. H. MERCER, Wellsville, N. Y.—Too late for insertion this week. Will appear in our next issue. Thanks.

R. M., Rhinebeck, N. Y.—If any one is entitled to the honor of being "Champion Draught Player of America," Mr. A. D. Vannatta, of Philadelphia, is the person. He challenged Mr. Spayth, last spring, to play for that honor; but the latter declined to play. It has not been played for since Mr. Drysdale resigned that honor, in October, 1859. If any one thinks he can beat Mr. Vannatta, by challenging him he will find in Mr. V. a ready and willing player.

CARD.—New York, Feb. 3, 1863.—DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—Dear Sir: I will accept "B's" challenge, and enclose you the funds. When he shows a draw for White, in the position referred to, by analysis through the CLIPPER, then he can take the money.

Yours, &c., EXPRESS.

GAME No. 44—Vol. X.

THE WIND-UP BETWEEN THE TWO DONS.

Communicated by "A Looker On."

THE CROSS.

Black, Mr. A.	White, Mr. B.	Black, Mr. A.	White, Mr. B.
1. . 11 to 15	23 to 18	11. . 20 to 27	31 to 24
2. . 8 11	27 23	12. . 12 19	24 6
3. . 4 8	23 19	13. . 2 9	21 17
4. . 9 14	18 9	14. . 9 13	17 14
5. . 5 14	22 17	15. . 8 11	28 24
6. . 15 18	26 22	16. . 13 17	24 19
7. . 18 23 (*a*)	22 18 (*b*)	17. . 17 22	19 15
8. . 11 16	18 9	18. . 7 10	15 8
9. . 6 22	25 18	19. . 10 17	8 4 (*c*)
10. . 16 20	19 16	20. . 22 26, and wins.	

(*a*) Bold and original, but of doubtful safety.

(*b*) Think 19 to 15 better.

(*c*) Loses; "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." 30 to 25 would have drawn prettily.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 44—Vol. X.

BY THE EDITOR.

White.	Black.
1. . 10 to 7	3 to 10
2. . 11 8	4 11
3. . 19 24	28 19
4. . 18 22, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 108th POSITION.

White.	Black.
1. . 23 19	16 23
2. . 22 18	13 22
3. . 14 9, and wins.	

MATCH GAME,

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

Black—G. M. B.		White—Acceptance.	
6. . 10	15	21	17
7. . 8	12		

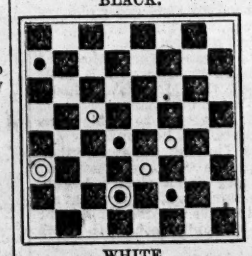
POSITION No. 45—Vol. X. THE 109th POSITION OF STURGES.

BY W. S. KNIGHT.

End-Game.

Dedicated to "Bottles."

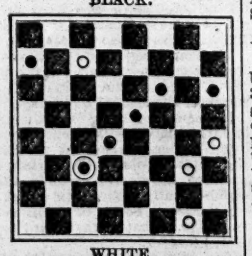
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

Simple, but good.—[ED. D. D.]

PEDESTRIANISM.

WHO IS THE CHAMPION PEDESTRIAN?—The late challenges for pedestrian matches in which the question of the championship is introduced, have found their way to our ten mile champion, John Grindell, now in the army, and as we thought would be the case, he takes exception to anybody else claiming the honor until they have defeated him. Here is a letter from him on the subject:

CAMP NEAR COCK PIT POINT, February 1, 1863.

FRIEND FRANK—I wish to intrude on your valuable time for a few moments. In one of your Boston contemporaries, I see an account of the great ten mile match that was to take place for the championship of the United States. I have taken up arms in defence of my country and cannot interfere with the claims of these pedestrians. I deem it prudent to send them a challenge to run me ten miles for $100 to $300, within the lines of the Rappahannock. The race to come off within one month; man and money ready at the 14th regiment New York State Militia, Cock Pit Point, Va. If they do not accept this challenge, they must give up the idea of gaining the championship, as I claim the title of champion as belonging to me and none other. By inserting these few lines in your paper, you will confer a favor on

Yours truly, JOHN GRINDELL,
Company F, 14th Reg't. N. Y. S. M.

WHERE ARE YOU, FORTY YEAR OLDS?—Kennovan, the Californian Pedestrian, talks big. Read his challenge:—

"I hereby offer to pull a 65lb sulkey, three to five miles, with a person in it weighing 110 or 125lbs., against any man, over forty years of age, in the State of California or Oregon, or Washington Territory, for from $500 to $1,000. This challenge to be open for acceptance thirty days from date. Particulars may be learned on application to Wm. Shear, "Nightingale House," Old Mission Road. JAMES KENNOVAN.

San Francisco, January 6th, 1863.

ON A RUN.—A foot race of sixty-five yards was run at Red Bluff, Cal., recently, between A. J. Fletcher and "The Emigrant." Fletcher won, and the other grunted.

HOW MANY MILES A PRINTER'S HAND TRAVELS.—Although a printer may be sitting all day, yet in his own way he is a great traveler, (or at least his hand is) as we shall prove. A good printer will set 8,000 ems a day, or about 24,000 letters. The distance traveled by his hand will average one foot per letter going to the boxes in which they are contained, and of course returning, making two feet for every letter he sets. This would make a distance each day of 48,000 feet, or more than nine miles, and in the course of the year, leaving out Sundays, the member travels about 3,000 miles. Truly this is hand power.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER FORTY-THREE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

MRS. JULIA DEAN HAYNE.

Born in the village of Pleasant Valley, in Dutchess county, State of New York, July 22, 1830. Her father, Edwin Dean, was the son of most respectable and intelligent Quaker parents, and by the latter persons the subject of these remarks was reared, until she was nearly ten years of age, in the discipline peculiar to that estimable people. In her eleventh year she joined the family of her father, who was then the manager of the Buffalo and Rochester theatres.

When quite young, Miss Dean evinced a passionate fondness for poetry, as well as decided powers of elocution. Becoming infatuated with the stage, she at length prevailed upon her father to grant permission for her to appear as Lady Ellen, in the "Lady of the Lake." Her success was triumphant; and there was no longer a doubt as to her inheritance of her mother's distinguished abilities.

It was in Louisville, Ky., on the opening of the new theatre, that Miss Dean took her first and decided stand. At the close of the theatrical season, in May, 1845, she accepted an engagement at the Bowery Theatre, New York, making her *debut* as Julia, in "The Hunchback." For thirteen nights she filled that immense theatre to overflowing. So pleased was the manager with her success, that he offered her magnificent terms for eighteen nights in September following. In Philadelphia, she made her first appearance as Julia, in "The Hunchback," at the Arch Street Theatre, November 24th, 1846.

In 1856, she was married to Dr. Hayne.

On the 20th of May, 1856, Mrs. H. sailed for California, where her success was triumphant; returned to the States, in February, 1858, after an absence of thirteen months, with $20,000 as travelling companions. Again visited California, and was in San Francisco at last accounts.

This lady is decidedly a favorite with the public. As an actress, her merits are considerable. Her conception of a character is quick and correct; her development of it always marked by intelligence, discrimination, and good taste. She always dresses her part with singular propriety—an excellence which we wish was a little more common. She "speaks the speech," too, as it is set down for her, never indulging in what is technically called "gag." Her elocution is graceful and her action subdued but expressive. If not the most charming actress, she is certainly the most conspicuous on the stage. In private life, she is much beloved on account of an exceedingly amiable character.

JOHN GREEN.

Born in Philadelphia. Was brought up as a printer. Made his first appearance on the stage in 1818, at Frederickstown, Md., as Octavia, in "The Mountaineers;" made his first appearance in Philadelphia December 2d, 1822, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Snake, in "School for Scandal."

In the *role* of "Low Irishmen" he was unapproachable. In 1856, he was Manager of the Nashville, Tenn., theatre. Retired from the stage in 1857. Died in Nashville, May 29, 1860. Mr. G. was lessee of the Nashville Theatre for eight years.

MRS. JOHN GREEN.

Born in Boston, March, 1800. Made her first appearance on any stage December 2d, 1822, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as the Maid, in "School for Scandal." In September, '32, she was a member of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia. In 1860 she lived in Nashville, Tenn., retired. In after life she was deaf. Died in Nashville, January 19, 1862, at the residence of Mr. John Goodwin, a teacher of dancing. The funeral was conducted in a highly respectable manner. The bodies of herself and husband repose in a beautiful lot in Mount Olive Cemetery, chosen by Mrs. Greene, and paid for by her—handsome memorials erected over both her husband and herself, paid for out of her own funds. One of the best physicians of the city was in constant attendance upon her during her illness, and she was deprived of no comfort that money could furnish.

MISS EMMA INCE.

"Thou movest an airy form of light,
A thing almost divine;
I might not dim thy fortune's bright
By praise so faint as mine."

"A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew."

Was born in Philadelphia, August, 1828, where she made her *debut* April 22, 1839, at the Walnut Street Theatre, as Zoloe, in "La Bayadere." In May following, she appeared at the Eagle Theatre, Buffalo, and, though badly supported, had a successful engagement, drawing full and fashionable houses during the entire week. She afterwards fulfilled engagements at Detroit, Buffalo, and Toronto, (Canada) where a small theatre was opened principally to produce "La Bayadere." Here, also, she played to full houses, and had a large and fashionable audience at her benefit. On the occasion of her benefit at Buffalo, she performed the part of La Sylphide, and had an excellent house.

In the celebrated dances of the "Cachuca," "Smolenska," "Cracovienne," "El Jaleo de Jeres," and "Pas Danube," she has severally appeared, and afforded much gratification to all who witnessed her pleasing efforts. It has been remarked by several competent judges, that she has not been excelled in the trial dance in "La Bayadere" by any other danseuse in the country except Ellsler. There was the germ of talent plainly visible in her performances, which raised her to a high niche in the pleasing art which she chose for a profession. In refinement and delicacy of style, she was certainly unsurpassed by any of the juvenile dancers who have ever appeared on our stage. The impressions produced by Ellsler are still vivid in the recollection of the writer, and has enabled him to test, with severity, whatever *faux pas* were discernable in the dancing of Miss Ince, and in her conception of those identical *chef d' ouvres* of that celebrated danseuse. These were few, be it verily spoken, and what has appeared worthy of particular notice, was the modesty of deportment and dress peculiar to herself, which adds materially to the beauty and perfection of the art.

Up to the time of her first appearance in "La Bayadere," she had received only eight months' tuition in dancing, from Mons. P. Hazard, who so successfully brought out Miss Maywood. She has married and retired from the profession.

THE BEGGARS OF MOSCOW.—In Moscow there are about 40,000 beggars by profession—rather a strong proportion in a total of 380,000 inhabitants—who chiefly ply their trade in the shops and galleries of the Gostinoc Dhor, a kind of oriental bazaar. On every step you fall in with women carrying children with them, persons dismissed from hospitals, with burned out people from the neighborhood, and that particular species of Russian beggar who appeals to your generosity on behalf of recruits and the starving families they have left behind them. The most impudent of all are discharged officials and soldiers, who are generally drunkards, covered with rags, and decorated with orders and clasps.

Then, again, you meet old women carrying open coffins with them, and begging alms to defray the cost of burial. Other women, of the same stamp, applying to you in the name of a bride, who would like to be married, but wants a dowery. Peasants will stop you, to enable them to buy a new horse, the old one having gone to the wall by some accident or other; soldiers in full uniform, who have broken a glass in the barracks, clamor for a trifle to replace the departed one. To the secular members of the fraternity is admixed a strong proportion of monks and nuns, walking in the sombre garments of their order, and asking alms for the erection of a new church, the restoration of a chapel, or such like purposes.

All point imperatively to the boxes, plates, coffins, prayer-books, and altar covers they present to you, with an entreating gesture. Pilgrims, and pilgrimesses, too, who have vowed to go to Palestine, to the Soloviski Monastery, or to the grave of the sacred Tychon, will accost you, each enlarging with great emphasis and considerable fluency upon the holy object of their journey.

A SINGULAR STORY.—A wonderful instance of rescue from drowning occurred at Athens, N. Y., recently. The facts as we have gathered them are these:—A boy about eight years old fell into a hole in the Athens channel, a short distance from the new ice-house which is building. He was seen to go down, and the alarm was given. While some ran toward the spot, others had the presence of mind to run in the opposite direction, to the tool house, three hundred feet off, for an ice chisel. The ice was new and transparent, and they found the boy floating along under it. A hole was made, but he passed one side, and they could not reach him. A second and third hole, further down, was made, but with no better success. But through the fourth hole, which, for want of time, was made small, a young man thrust his hand and caught him. The ice was cut away and he was taken out, not only alive but conscious. He was soon entirely restored. He had floated, as was found by measurement, one hundred and twelve feet, under the ice, with his face up and rubbing against it. He must have taken a full inspiration of air on going down; and the little fellow was taken out with his hand tightly clasped over his mouth and nose, so that not a drop of water had entered his body. It is evident that Dan Parmenter was not born to be drowned.

REMARKABLE WORKS OF HUMAN LABOR.—Nineveh was 14 miles long, 8 wide, and 46 miles round, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick and 100 high, with 100 brazed gates. The temple of Diana at Ephesus, was 420 feet to the support of the roof. It was one hundred years in building. The largest of the pyramids was 481 feet high, and 653 feet on the sides; the base covers eleven acres. The stones are about 60 feet in length, and the layers are 208. It employed 330,000 men in building. The labyrinth in Egypt contains 300 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 27 miles round, and 100 gates. Carthage was 29 miles round. Athens was 25 miles round, and contained 359,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of $50,000,000, and Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Rome were 13 miles round.

ANIMAL TALK.—There is a chapter in the natural history of animals that has hardly been touched upon as yet, and that will be especially interesting with reference to families. The voices of animals having a family are not to be mistaken. All the canine bark and howl. The fox, the wolf, and the dog have the same kind of utterance, though on a somewhat different pitch. All the bears growl, from the white bear of the Arctic snows to the small bear of the Andes. All the cats "mieu," from our quiet fireside companions to the lions and tigers, and panthers of the forest and jungle. This last may seem a strange assertion; but to any one who has listened critically to their sounds and analysed their voices, the roar of the lion is but a gigantic *mieu*, bearing about the same proportion to that of a cat, as its stately and majestic form does to the smaller, softer, and more peaceful aspect of the cat. Yet, notwithstanding the difference in their size, who can look at the lion, whether in his more quiet mood, as he lies curled up in the corner of his cage, or in his fiercer moments of hunger or rage, without being reminded of a cat? And this is not merely the resemblance of one carniverous animal to another; for no one was ever reminded of a dog or a wolf by a lion. Again, all the horses and donkeys neigh; for the bray of the donkey is only a harsh neigh, pitched on a different key, it is true, but a sound of the same character, as the donkey himself is but a clumsy and dwarfish horse. All the cows low, from the buffalo roaming the prairie, the musk-ox of the Arctic ice-field, or the jack of Asia, to the cattle feeding in our pastures. Among the birds, this similarity of voice in families is still more marked. We need only recall the harsh and noisy parrots, so similar in their peculiar utterance. Or take, for example, the web-footed family. Do not all the geese and the innumerable hosts of ducks quack? Does not every member of the crow family caw, whether it be the jackdaw, the jay, the magpie, the rook, in some green rookery of the old world, or the crow of our woods, with its long melancholy caw, that seems to make the silence and solitude deeper? Compare all the sweet warblers of the songster family—the nightingales, the thrushes, the mocking birds, the robins—they differ in the greater or less perfection of the note, but the same kind of voice runs through the whole group.

THE LETTER.—"A letter is half a meeting," says the Persian proverb; and truly nothing can soothe the pangs of separation, or reconcile us to the absence of those we love, so well as those swift messengers now wafted to our doors from the uttermost corners of the earth. The last injunction of a departing son or daughter is, "Be sure and write and let me know." The lover must hear from his mistress "every day i' the hour," for to him there are many weary days in every hour. None are so lowly, none so proud, that they can escape the influences or the necessities of a letter. Without letters, the world, to most civilized beings, would be little better than a tomb. The absent would be separated from those dear to them by an impassable chasm, and as completely severed socially as though they were dead, or inhabited another planet.

The letter is the link that binds the social fabric together. As the sap is drawn up through the trunk, branches, and smallest twigs of a tree by the action of the leaves it puts forth, so do letters envelop the life-current of the social body, and draw forth the stream of holy affections, and cause them to permeate every fibre and ramification. The postman's well-filled bag is an epitome of human nature, in which all the hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, affections and worldly interests, lie commingled together. Missives of treason and treachery lie in harmless contact with truth, honesty, and candor. Every secret they contain is well kept—for what so inviolate as a letter?

But the letter requires a trusty messenger, who must be swift of foot, frequent in his journeys, and regular in his visits. We live too fast now-a-days to be able to afford much time for expectation. The agency of steam secures punctuality; and if our fathers were content to trust to fickle winds, and left their letters to toss about for weeks almost within sight of their destination, we must have our steam-packet, which, after traversing half the circumference of the globe, deposits the mails within a few hours of the appointed time.

FRUIT AS A MEDICINE.—Ripe fruit is the medicine of nature. Nothing could be more wholesome for man or child; and although green fruit is, of course, almost as fatal as so much poison, the ripe is fully as thorough a health restorative and health preserver. Strawberries are favorites with all classes, and constitute a popular luxury. But who can compute the amount of general health promoted by this relish for strawberries? Who can imagine how many pills that relish throws out of the market? or, in other words, to what extent these pills prepared by Mother Nature, and sugar-coated, as it were, to render them more palatable, crowd out of use those prepared by the chemist and the apothecary? Who can tell the number of disordered livers, deranged stomachs, and afflictive digestive apparatus generally, the grateful acid of that delicious fruit gradually restores to a sound condition, mocking at all the skill of the ablest physician; vindicating the simple laws of Hygeia by their radical action, and teaching us how often a panacea for some of the most painful of human maladies lie directly at our feet, and is contemned because it is so unassuming? After strawberries, we do homage especially to peaches and apples. They are the kind of drugs that cost comparatively little, and do comparatively much, when the patient is not too far gone for the use of such pleasant medicaments. We knew a person once who, believing himself in a decline, and having been completely worn out in patience by the experiments of his doctors, determined to eat from four to six ripe apples every day and note the result. In three months he was well! We know of another who, without being afflicted with any particular disorder, was never in good health, and for twenty-five years could scarcely be said to enjoy a single week's exemption from suffering. He then commenced the habit of drinking a glass of plain cider every morning, and for the next twenty-five years never had a single day's illness. Such remedies are simple enough.

BIRD ARCHITECTS.—The "cow-bunting" of New England never builds a nest; the female lays her eggs in the nests of those birds whose young feed, like her own, on insects and worms, taking care to deposit but one egg in a nest.

A cow-bunting deposited an egg in the nest of a sparrow, in which was an egg of the latter. On the sparrow's return, what was to be done? She could not get out the egg which belonged to her, neither did she wish to desert her nest, so nicely prepared for her own young. What did she do? After consultation with her husband, they fixed on their mode of proceedure. They built a bridge of straw and hair directly over the two eggs, making a sort of second story in the house, thus leaving the two eggs below out of the reach of the warmth of her body. In the upper apartment she laid four eggs and reared her four children.

In the Museum at Salem, Mass., may be seen this nest, with two eggs imprisoned below.

A RAIN GLASS.—The following may be depended upon as a rain glass:—Get a common pickle bottle, such as is sold at every Italian warehouse; fill it with any kind of water, to within two or three inches of the top; plunge the neck of an empty Florence oil flask into the pickle bottle. Before rain the water will rise two or three inches in the neck of the inverted flask—often in three or four hours. If the weather is settled for fair, the water will remain not more than half an inch high, for days in the neck of the flask. It never fails to foretell rain; and frequently rises as high as the rim of the pickle bottle in the neck of the flask. It may stand in or out of doors, in sun or shade, and the water never needs changing so long as it can be seen through. The oil flask must be cleansed before the neck is plunged. Soda and warm water will clear it of oil.

PREPARED FLOUR FOR DIARRHEA.—Tie up a pint of flour very tightly in a cloth and put into boiling water. When untied, the gluten of the flour will be found on the outside of the ball. Remove this and the inside will prove a dry powder, which is very stringent. Grate this and wet a portion of it in cold milk. Boil a pint of milk, and when it is at the boiling point, stir in as much of the wet mixture as will thicken it to the quality of palatable porridge. Stir in a little salt, and let this be the sole article of diet until the disease has disappeared. Relieve it first by toasted bread, or very delicate mutton broth, which latter is also astringent; if the disease has not progressed to the degree of inflammation, this diet will generally preclude the need of medicine.

TURNED INTO STONE.—According to the Territorial (Cal.) *Enterprise*, a petrified man was recently found in the mountains south of Gravelly Ford. Every limb and feature of the stony mummy was perfect, not even excepting the left leg, which had evidently been a wooden one during the lifetime of the owner, which lifetime, by the way, came to a close about a century ago, in the opinion of a savan who examined the defunct. The *Enterprise* adds: "The people of the neighborhood volunteered to bury the poor unfortunate, and were even anxious to do so, but it was discovered, when they attempted to remove him, that the water which had dripped upon him for ages from the crag above had coursed down his back and deposited a limestone sediment under him, which had glued him to the bed-rock upon which he sat as with a cement of adamant, and the Judge refused to allow the charitable citizens to hlast him from his position.

HOW THE DEACON GOT FLOORED.—A pretty good story is told concerning a good Deacon in a town in Rhode Island. He is one of the old fashioned sort of deacons, and has always been in the habit of "taking a little for the stomach's sake," but was never known to get intoxicated except on one memorable occasion. He was then on a visit to Providence. The news of the sad affair reached the church members, and the deacon was brought up for discipline. The Deacon explained the circumstances in this wise: "Brethren, I am sorry, but its not my fault. I daily take half a glass of our town liquor, and it does me no harm. But that Providence liquor is powerful. It knocked me before I knew it." The Deacon was released on condition that he would drink no more Providence liquor.

ABOUT "DOGS."—An orator out west thus spreads himself in town meeting on the subject of hydrophobia: "I have horses and cattle, I have sheep and pigs, I have a wife and children, and (rising higher as the importance of the subject deepened in his estimation) I have money out at interest, *all in danger of bein' bit by these infernal dogs!*"

GAME.—A wicked little boy who attended church recently, and squirmed though an hour's sermon, was irreverent enough when the minister said "Amen," at the close of the benediction, to ejaculate "Domino."

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 347.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

The Backus Minstrels, while *en route* for China, where they go to charm the ears of the Celestials, made a brief sojourn at Honolulu, and gave several entertainments, which were, no doubt, very agreeable slices of (h)amusement to the Sandwichers.

Samivel Sharpley's Minstrels go on their way rejoicing, and do a lively business wherever they show, whether old Boreas blows, the snow snows, or the rain goes—it. Sam is a Columbiad. Ye gallant Samival says it ain't the "filthy stuff" alone he cares for; but in after years, when the great champion, Death, has "wiped him out," he wishes it said that Sam Sharpley's Minstrels made the biggest show, made more money, and had larger crowds than "any other man" that ever corked up, and that's what's the matter with Sam. Westward ho! he now wends his way, looking in at the principal towns on his winding way, and giving such entertainments as cannot fail to please the general taste. They were to show in Syracuse on the 6th and 7th, and open the present week in Binghampton, thence to Auburn, Genesee, Canandaigua, Elmira, etc.

Gustave Bidaux, of Duprez & Green's Minstrels, was the recipient of a token of favor from the ladies of New Orleans, in the shape of a golden cross and a complimentary letter, just before leaving there.

Rumsey's Minstrels, consisting of H. S. Rumsey, Jules Stratton, W. H. Brockway, W. Butler, W. Pierce, W. Herman, G. Wrightman, Gaynor, Carter, Thos. Deverill, and Ned West, have been doing a fair business at Brigham Hall, Binghampton, N. Y., so we are informed. Harry Hapgood is their good and happy agent.

MUSIC HALLS.

The people of Oswego, N. Y., are good patrons of amusements of every kind, we understand, and as a greater incentive for good companies to make an occasional stand there, one of the citizens, Mr. John A. Barry, has fitted up Musard Hall in comfortable style for their accommodation. For capacity thereof, etc., see advertisement.

At Canterbury Hall, Washington, D. C., business has been good during the past week, with the exception of the nights of the storm. The pantomime of "The Goblin Sprite, or Lucifer on Earth," was the sensation, and "fetched 'em." J. N. Carr impersonated "Auld Clooty;" and Geo. R. Edeson was the clown. C. W. Parker, the contortionist, is there; also, Charley O'Neil, and H. W. Eagan, from "444." This week Frank Wyant, the Rollande Brothers, Miss Clara Harrington, and Miss Kate Harrington are announced to appear. Edeson's new local song, "A walk through Pennsylvania Avenue," takes the boys, and hi, hi's! are sonorous and numerous.

Music hall entertainments now form a feature of amusement in nearly all the principal cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific. At one time, New York city was the great centre of attraction for performers, there being a dozen or more concert saloons in full operation here; gradually, however, the business was overdone, and a law was passed by the State Legislature which at once destroyed the business, and upset nearly all calculations as to the future. The consequence was, manager and people distributed themselves all over the country, and New York became deserted, comparatively speaking; of all those formerly in existence here, but two or three are at present in operation. Philadelphia is now, perhaps, the leading city for music halls, but there, too, we understand, an attempt is being made to suppress them, as in New York. A committee from Harrisburg, recently visited Philadelphia, to see and to be "seen," but whether they were "seen" to the extent expected, we have not learned. If a law should be passed against the concert saloon business, it will be an evidence that "the boys" didn't hold a "flush" hand. We shall see, anon.

The Concert saloon business has flourished in San Francisco during the past year, Gilbert's Melodeon doubtless having made the most money. A little idea of the performances given at this house, and the prices of admission, may not be without interest to our readers hereaway. The cost for a ticket to the Melodeon is, parquet, 25 cents; orchestra seats, 50 cents; private boxes, $2,50 and $3,00. The following is a copy of the programme performed on New Year's night, Jan. 1st, 1863, with the names of performers, etc.:—*Part First*—California Rangers' Gallop, full band; Opening Chorus, company; Fighting for the Union, Johnny De Angelis; Kitty Wells, Miss Lizzie Smith; The Ivy Green, C. F. Shattuck; Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming, Miss Sophie Worrell; Kingdom Coming, Joe Murphy; Would I Were With Thee, Miss Irene Worrell; Rock Me to Sleep, Mother, Miss Lotta; I See Her Still in my Dreams, C Kavanagh; Pirate's Chorus, company; Grand Medley Walk Around, by the entire company. *Part Second*—Overture, orchestra; Dance Comico, F. Sterling; Comic Ballad, Little Jennie; Fancy Dance, Miss Nora Ross; Spirit Table, Johnny De Angelis, Murphy, Woodhull, and Woodard; Comic Song, Miss Lotta; Postillion Polka, Sophie and Irene; Schoolmaster at Home, Master, Johnny De Angelis; Jack, Joe Murphy; Dunce, W. Bernard; Students, Woodhull, Kavanagh, Woodard, and Murphy; Champion Jig, Miss Lotta; Scenes From Darkey Land, Joe Murphy. To conclude with the laughable farce of Nan, the Good For Nothing. Nan, Little Jennie; Tom Dribbles, a gardener, John Woodard; Harry Collier, a railway fireman, Johnny De Angelis; Charley, a carpenter, F. Woodhull.

John Reard was arrested on the night of the 3d, for stealing tumblers from Geo. Lea, of the Baltimore Melodeon, and was committed to jail by Justice Hiss. Served him right. If he has been so badly Rear'd as to get into such ground (glass) tumbling performances, he ought to be Hissed.

The New Canterbury, Washington, a most pleasing place of entertainment, is doing a very fine business. The company is composed of upwards of fifty performers, among whom are some of the best talent of the country. Under the able management of Mr. Sinn it has become one of the greatest resorts in the city. The hall is a well arranged, neat little place, and the programme offers an inducement to please all lovers of music, mirth, and fun. The Saturday matinee is a grand gala that draws out thousands from their sequestration, and presents an array of fashion and beauty not to be found at any other place.

The Varieties, Washington, with Uncle Jimmy Pilgrim as manager, runs hard against the Canterbury, offering an unbounted array of talent nightly, which is well appreciated by admiring crowds. Enough to say that both institutions are doing a lively business.

Trimble's Varieties is running under a full head of steam, and the company is both numerous and talented. Charley Gardner is there, and is quite popular, and Harry Leslie, the stage manager, is a whole team. Manager Smythe, not to be behind hand in the enterprise of the age, is seeking for more first class artists to add to the present attractions of his place. See advertisement.

The building of a new concert hall at Detroit, Mich., is in contemplation, and "great expectations" of it as a building and place of amusement are expected to be realised.

Beller's troupe gave four performances in Fireman's Hall, Detroit, Mich., last week, to crowded houses, at 50 and 25 cents admission. Mr. Beller has nothing to belie or bellow about under such circumstances, and we record his success with pleasure. Marietta Ravel shines in this company, like a bright particular star. Josh Hart, Millie Flora, and Miss Le Clerc have left the company, and are eastward bound, we believe.

The varieties, Detroit, Mich., has changed hands, and the proprietors now, are Messrs. Welch and Hollis, old caterers it is said, and who know how to keep a hotel. If they do not pay more attention to "biz" than its former proprietor, they cannot well pay less. They have in their company, Gibbonoise, the contortionist; Lewis, tragedian; and the Misses Estella, Celestine, and Victoria, Mrs. Blake, O. W. Blake, C. N. Lewis, Carle, Parks and others.

S. S. Purdy, Ethiopian comedian, was to make his appearance at the Varieties, St. Louis, on the 5th, he having been re-engaged.

"Undine," a fairy spectacle, is in course of preparation at the Bowery, St. Louis, by Gus. Peters. They appear to be great on monkeys in St. Louis. At the Varieties, "The Monkey of the Rhine, and at the Bowery, "The Monkey of the Desolate Isle," cut their "monkey shines" on the boards last week, and were well patronised.

Walter Bray's Melodeon Troupe had busted up somewhere in California, Mr. Bray is now the manager of a new Melodeon in San Francisco, Mr. T. Gilligan, of Marysville, having converted the Union Theatre into a music hall, and placed it under Mr. Bray's charge.

At Lea's Melodeon, Baltimore, Signor Bliss, the man who walks upside down, was retained another week. It is announced that Mr. Lea has paid Sig. Bliss a salary of $300 per week for his performances at the Melodeon. We know that Mr. Lea never lets the amount of salary stand as an obstacle when he wishes to secure any noted performer. Last week, the Melodeon Minstrels gave an additional entertainment, and contributed to make the variety still greater at Lea's Melodeon. W. B. Cavanaugh manages the stage business at this house.

Kathleen O'Neil has formed a company of her own, consisting of pantomimists, vocalists, and "dancists," and will give her first performance at Harrisburg, Pa. this evening, Feb. 9.

Marietta Ravel, the Spanish danseuse and tight-rope artiste, who is to open with Mrs. English's company in Boston, was re-engaged last week by Beller, of Detroit.

Eva Brent, Kitty Blanchard, the Bedouin Brothers, Ashton, and Donnovan, are among the fresh attractions at the Continental, Philadelphia, this week. Ernestine de Faiber remains here, likewise John Mulligan, Andy Leavitt, Denny Gallagher, Julia Price, etc.

Nellie Howard, female jig dancer, is still meeting with great favor at Lea's Meloden, Baltimore.

The antipodean walker, Signor Bliss, commences an engagement at Fox's Casino, Philadelphia, this evening, Feb. 9. He has just closed a long and profitable engagement at Lea's Melodeon, Baltimore. Miss Josephine Bernard, vocalist, is also on this week, together with Paul Berger, W. Wray, Fattie Stewart, Mons. Fonche, M'lle Sophia Nelson, and Harry Thompson, the latter a tenor singer.

M'lle Flora Leonetta, G. R. De Louis, Anna Rush, Billy Mathews, Melinda Nagle, John Forbes, J. Reese, and W. B. Fox, are among the company at Long's Varieties, Philadelphia.

AMATEUR.

The Montreal Garrison Private Theatricals are becoming very popular with the *elite* and "upper ten" of the Canadas. On the 29th ult., the third night of the series, the interior of the Theatre Royal was a scene of great brilliancy, the bright uniform of the officers, and still more showy dresses of the ladies, adding much to the effect. The performances were opened with the laughable farce of "The Silent System," with the following cast:—Mr. Argus Wideawake, Mr. Elmes, D. A. C. G.; Mrs. Ardent Vane, Hon. C. Eliot, Gr. Gds; Mr. Thornton, Lt. Col. Hamilton, Gr. Gds; Arabella, (Wideawake's wife) Mrs. Buckland; Rosa, Miss Effie Germon; Jemima Annie, Mrs. Hill. This was followed by a representation of Tobin's celebrated comedy of the "Honeymoon; or, How to Rule a Wife," Duke Aranza, Col. Lyons, C. B.; Rolando, Major Lowe, Gr. Gds.; Count Montalban, Captain Blair, S. F. Grds; Balthazar, Lt. Col. Connolly; Jaquez, the Mock Duke, Lieut. Horne, 16th Regt; Campillo, Hon. C. Chrichton, G.G; Lopez, Lt. Westby, 16th Regt; Pedro, Capt. Seymour, Gr. Gds; Olmedo, Lt. Col. Hamilton, G.G; Attendants of Duke Aranza, Hon. C. Eliot, Gr. Gds., Capt. Rooke, 16th Regt; Juliana, Mrs. Buckland; Volanti, Miss Effie Germon; Zamora, Mrs. Hill. The enactment of the different parts by the "distinguished amateurs" was very creditable and well appreciated, while no end of applause greeted the trio of female beauty. In point of scenery, decoration, etc., nothing was wanted to give full effect to the performances, which were concluded by a very finely arranged original dance, "Haste to the Wedding," gotten up by Lt. Col. Lysons. The temporary platform on which the chairs were placed in the parquet then almost immediately disappeared, and the whole floor of the theatre was cleared for dancing, which was kept up long into the next day. Their next entertainment was to have taken place on the 5th inst., with the comedy of "Our Wife; or, The Rose of Amiens," and the farce of "Off and On."

The "Boothenians," Philadelphia, gave an entertainment on the evening of the 29th, the play being "Venice Preserved." Jack Rover says:—"As Pierre and Jaffier, Messrs. Morton and Harry Thomas were really excellent, their make up and general appearance being very good. Mr. Zane, who on this occasion personated Renault, would confer a favor on his audience by not making such striking exits and ugly faces. Miss Smith, as Belvidera, evinced a perfect knowledge of the part, being a 'dead letter' in the text and stage business.....The Trovatore did not give their usual weekly performance on the 3d.....On the 8th, the Boothenians give the 'Golden Farmer' and the 'Rough Diamond.' ....The Wheatley held forth on the 4th inst. in 'My Neighbor's Wife,' and the 'Rough Diamond.' As Brown and Smith, Messrs. E. E. Hulfish, Jr. and W. S. Dye pleased their auditors, judging from the liberal amount of applause they received. As Somerton, Mr. Lawson played in a very gentlemanly and finished manner. The ladies all played well, especially Miss Harris, who made her *debut* as Mrs. Brown. The 'Rough Diamond' passed off well, it being a favorite with this club. Mr. Vincent of this club deserves creditable mention for the attention he always pays to his parts, whether large or small. Next week the Wheatley play Sheil's fine tragedy of 'Evadne.' On the 9th the amateurs give a benefit in aid of the widows and orphans of Baxter's Zouaves, the bill being 'Othello' and 'Robert Macaire.'

An amateur performance in aid of the "Lancashire Relief Fund" took place at the Music Hall, Quebec, C. E., on the 30th ult. "The Wreck Ashore" and "The Rifle and How to Use It" were performed in creditable style for military amateurs. The affair was a success, and the poor operatives are in a fair way of receiving a very handsome sum to help to relieve their distress.

A French amateur performance occurs at Quebec, C. E., on the 12th inst., when a new company of amateurs will perform the vaudeville of *Le jour de la Blanchisseuse*, at the Music Hall. It will be followed by *A Buelque Chose Malheur est bon*, a three-act comedy, written by one of the "typo" amateurs of that city. The musical portion of the entertainment will be under the management of Messrs. Lavigeur and Paul.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Alleghanians go South (passports granted). They appear at Louisville on the 9th, thence to Frankfort, Lexington, Nashville, and Memphis, Tenn. At Frankfort, Ky., they appear under the patronage of the Governor, Senate, and House of Representatives.

Mr. Matthews, of Louisville, has rented his Masonic Temple to the Alleghanians, Vocalists and Swiss Bell Ringers, commencing Monday evening, Feb. 9th. His hall (advertised in the CLIPPER) is one of the largest in the South Western States. It seats, in arm chairs, twelve hundred people.

"A Shakespearean Entertainment" will be given in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Feb. 10th, for the benefit of the Soldiers' Aid Society—King Lear, Macbeth, Midsummers' Nights Dream, and Winter's Tales to be represented in twenty *Tableaux Vivants*, accompanied with illustrative readings, also, scenes tragic, comic and fairy, all concocted by the ladies, to be presented to the audience at 50 cents per head, the proceeds to be devoted to the purchase of clothing and comforts for the sick and wounded soldiers.

Hurlburt & Co.'s Diorama of the War, has been enlarged, and in connection with Sing-Song-Hoyt, is expected to draw enlarged audiences in Connecticut and elsewhere, opening in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., Feb. 14th, with 99 gifts and a "hoss."

Signor Jerome Blitz, the little Wizard, is to appear at Mechanics Hall, Hamilton, C. W., on the 9th and 10th; and at Kirby Hall, Brantford, on the 12th and 13th.

The Bohemian Troupe of Glass Blowers are doing well in Philadelphia. They are now in their sixth week in that city, They give a very pleasing and instructive exhibition.

A concert in behalf of the New England Soldiers' Aid Association takes place in Philadelphia on the 10th. Among the volunteers is Miss Cecile Rush. On this occasion, Yankee Greenlief makes his first appearance before a Philadelphia audience. Who *is* Yankee Greenlief?

A first-class entertainment can make an arrangement for a series of performances in Harrisburg. Parties applying must be able to give an entire performance, and many changes. See advertisement in another column.

George Francis Train has run off the track at last. He was advertised to deliver a political lecture in St. Louis on the 7th; he was arrested by the Provost Marshal, and the choice given him to leave the State or go to prison. He left the State immediately. We expected he would fetch up in such a way.

Master Rentz gives his third annual concert at Tremont Temple, Boston, on the 11th inst.

The Carter Zouave Sisters were at Owego on the 3d, 4th and 5th inst. On the 6th they opened at Elmira, where they remained four nights. At Owego their business was very good. Prof. Oldfield is Musical Director. He occasionally favors his audience with a violin solo and a comic or sentimental song. Prof. Oldfield will be remembered as the father of the well known Major Littlefinger, who was brought to this country some years since, by P. T. Barnum.

The Holman troupe are advertised to appear at Elmira on the 11th.

The Holman Opera Troupe open at Syracuse on the 9th, for one week, under the auspices of the Franklin Institute. The following week they perform in Utica under similar arrangements. They gave one entertainment in Rochester, recently, at Corinthian Hall, to a house densely crowded. The piece performed was "La Somnambula," in which Sallie is stated to have made a great hit.

The Cincinnati Amateur Orchestra, numbering thirty-five performers, gave a concert in Cincinnati on the 4th of February.

In an editorial headed "Artemus Ward and the President," which appeared in the *New York Herald* of the 2d inst., the writer makes the following reference to the great showman and "His Book:"—"For some time past poor Greeley has been insisting upon a reconstruction of the Cabinet, on the ground that the President and the present Cabinet did not agree. Instead of taking poor Greeley's advice, the President has adopted a most novel, original, ingenious, peculiar, unique, remarkable, characteristic and successful plan by which he has restored harmony in the administration and can have his own way about anything he likes. Upon somewhat the same principle that Alexander the Great read the Iliad before beginning a battle, *the President now reads a chapter of Artemus Ward's book to his Cabinet before beginning business.* The result is that the members are so convulsed with laughter and chuckle themselves into such an extremely good humor, that they willingly endorse whatever the President proposes. We scarcely know which most to admire, the simplicity, the sublimity, or the success of this idea." Artemus will look in at Philadelphia this week, and give one of his side-splitting lectures, on the 14th inst., at Musical Fund Hall.

A new hall is needed in Cairo, Ill., so one of our correspondents informs us. There is one in the place, but it is not what the people admire. Well, why not build another?

We are glad to learn that Artemus Ward's lecture in Pittsburgh *did* draw a crowded house, and our correspondent there was in error in saying otherwise. The place was not only crowded, but "more too," for many persons were turned away, being unable to gain admittance. We thought it strange that Pittsburgh should prove an exception to the general rule, for wherever the great showman has figured, the houses have always boiled over; showing that A. Ward's entertainments are well done. On the 2d inst., Artey lectured in Brant's Hall, Harrisburg, Pa., and the house was crowded to its utmost capacity. One of the local papers states that so great was the interest to hear him "speak his piece," that the Legislature adjourned at an early hour for that purpose, and repaired almost *en masse* to the lecture room. We are not surprised at this, after hearing that A. Lincoln reads A. Ward's book to his Cabinet, to get them in good working order.

The Fakir of Siva was announced to "fake away" in Mercer Co., Cal., at last advices from that country.

We hear bad reports about the boy pianist, Willie Pape. It seems that he was announced to perform at a concert in Boston a few evenings since, for the benefit of the soldiers. On the evening of the concert, however, the boy did not appear as announced, and the manager was obliged to apologise. He stated that Pape refused to play for Northern soldiers, because, it is alleged, of property owned by his father in Mobile, and which he feared would be confiscated if he should in any manner identify himself with the Union cause. Such is the purport of the reports from Boston. When this boy and those with him came among us, we received them as though they were Northern born. We knew that they belonged to Mobile, yet that fact was not permitted to operate against them in the least. Their entertainments were well attended, the boy's performances favorably commented upon, and his movements duly chronicled. The CLIPPER has kept track of his travels, and his entertainments in Canada and the States have always received early mention in our columns. We regret that we now have any occasion to find fault with the lad, but his refusal to perform for Northern soldiers, after being regularly announced as one of the volunteers in the concert, places master Pape in a very unpleasant position, and probably brings his career in the North to an end. Sick, wounded, and otherwise disabled soldiers are objects of solicitude and kindness, whether they be Union or rebel volunteers. Wounded and sick rebel soldiers receive the same care and attention in our hospitals as our own men; their wants are supplied, their sufferings alleviated as far as it is in human power to relieve them, and nothing is left undone that will conduce to their comfort; yet those who perform such Christian duties are not looked upon as sympathising with the rebellion—no, they perform but a duty which man owes to his fellow man in distress. The rebels perform like duties for wounded Union soldiers who may be in their custody. Master Pape has committed a grievous blunder in refusing his mite to relieve the sufferings of disabled soldiers in the North. As a musical prodigy we have admired him. His last act was suicidal. Before taking the fatal step, we presume the boy, and those who are supposed to advise or control him, had made up their minds to give no more entertainments in the North.

Hough's Cornet Band gave a concert at Lebanon, N. H., on the 4th inst. They give an excellent programme.

Traveling companies of first-class reputation, who may feel inclined to give the citizens of Newburgh, N. Y., a call, will no doubt find their visit profitable and pleasant, the more so, because they now have a comfortable hall, of moderate capacity, "a good thing to have in the house," for both performers and audience. J. M. Martin is the polite and attentive proprietor, whose advertisement will be found in its appropriate column in this issue.

The Zanfretta Ravel Company, under the management of Mrs. Jane English, after two weeks' excellent business, in Portland, Me., closed on the 12th inst. They open at the new theatre, the Tremont, Boston, on the 23d. Mr. W. W. Pratt, the agent of the company, was presented on Saturday evening, Jan. 31st, by his literary friends of the "Shakespeare Club," of Portland, with an elegantly bound copy of Victor Hugo's great work, "Les Miserables." The affair took place at the Elm House, and a neat presentation speech was made by Cyrus Brown, Esq., formerly of the New Bedford *Standard*, and brother of the celebrated Artemus Ward. Brother Pratt made a very happy reply, and Com. Bliss, of the Elm House, furnished a handsome repast on the occasion.

A parlor entertainment was given at Davison Hall, Bath, N. Y., on the 7th inst., by Madame Julia Melville, La Belle Emilie, and "the wonderful orator," Edwin Forrest Melville, and the child orator, Master Willie, only three years of age. "Wonders will never cease." Good biz. is reported.

Goodwin & Wilder's Polymorama did an excellent business at Cleveland, and, so we are informed, turned many people away. On their first evening, 2d inst., their receipts were over $300, at 25 cents per ticket, and 50 cents for reserved seats, notwithstanding Gottschalk and Patti gave a concert the same evening. This week the Polymorama is at Smith & Ditson's Hall, Cincinnati.

Sugarplums, lollypops, bulls' eyes, and all that sort of "goodies!" "Ain't" that a first-rate chance offered for somebody to go into the business of retailing the sweets of life, etc., to the dear public by Messrs. Goodwin & Wilder? "Ain't it?" Well, just you look at their advertisement and see it it ain't!

A colored wizard, known as Louis Aubrey, the "Wizard of Molokai," was at Port au Prince, Hayti, in January. Mr. Henry Wilson, his agent, first crossed the Atlantic in September last, and when the magician reached the United States, attempts were made to give entertainments; but after a few trials, they gave it up, and left for the West Indies, arriving at Port au Prince on the 28th of Dec. A room was at once selected for Mr. Aubrey to perform in; it was small, seating only 200 persons, but as one dollar per ticket was the charge, the man of magic did tolerably well. He landed $143 the opening night, $185 the second, and only $102 the third, owing to rain, which is death to any entertainment there, as the ladies attend in full dress. Five more performances were to be given, after which the party would start around the island, touching at Gonaives, St. Marks, Aux Cayes, Cape Haytien, St. Domingo, and Jackmel; after that, St. Thomas, Porto Rico, etc. We have before us one of Mr. Aubrey's programmes. It is a very showy piece of work, printed on pink satin.

Emma Jane Nichols is the name of the principal singer with Father Kemp's Old Folks, and not Sarah Jane Nichols, as previously stated.

The dancer, the singer, the minstrel, the lecturer, and the great "wax figgerer," Artemus Ward, have had pretty good times in Harrisburg, Pa., of late. One of our travelling correspondents, "The Warrior Shepherd," in a letter dated Feb. 2d, notes down for our readers the following summary of the latest doings at the capital of Pennsylvania. He says:—"I have marched thus far into the bowels of the land without any particular impediment. This is the capital of Pennsylvania, and every winter a large lot of massive-minded statesmen congregate here and drink whiskey. This is called legislation. Old Sime Cameron undertook to go to the United States Senate the other day, but through the bad faith of a patriot whom it is alleged he had bought up, he didn't come it. To quote from Mr. E. W. B. Childers, of Sleary's Circus (see Mr. Dickens' 'Hard Times,') the spotless Cameron 'missed his tip, and was short in his ponyings.' But what has all this to do with amusements? Not much, I grant you.....Sanford, the minstrel, is here, and doing a cozy, comfortable business. His people are good, and among them is Dick Myers. Myers is very old. He crossed the Delaware with Washington, you know, and was quite an old party, even at that time. But he is very frisky, and plays the violin like a cuss. Sanford, you know, is the greatest actor in the minstrel business. He is an artist, and in his speciality—negro farces—he often exhibits the very highest order of genius. I have always believed that gold and precious stones awaited Sanford across the sea, provided he would only take the trouble to go after them. An admirable actor, an honest, genial man, how can I do else than wish Sam Sanford success?.....There's a concert hall here, run by Bob Edwards. It is, I believe, a very-well-conducted affair of the kind. I only dropped in there a moment. A healthy-looking young female party, with physical developments of an exhilarating character, was dancing a jig.....The Old Folks (Paige Sisters) were here last week, and did, I understand, a fair business. .....To-night, Artemus Ward, who has been felicitously styled 'the New Jersey Demosthenes,' holds forth at Brant's Hall. I need not inform you that he draws like a twenty-elephant team, with several hippopotamusses thrown in. At Pittsburgh, the other night, they not only crowded the hall, but blocked up the street, and a storm was raging at that.....Perhaps, in my journeyings toward Washington, I may find something to write you about again."

Gilmore's Concerts in aid of Boston soldiers on the 31st ult., and 1st inst., did not attract much of a house.

Our correspondent, "Boston," says Master Willie Barnsmore Pape, on learning that the concert was for the benefit of Northern soldiers, decamped to New York, leaving Mr. Gilmore in a lurch. On the 4th, another concert was advertised, but did not come off, owing, no doubt, to the illness of one of the principal performers.

The Boston Philharmonic Society were to give a grand concert on the evening of the 6th, on which occasion M'lle. Ursa, the lady violinist, was to appear.

Gen. McClellan has been announced to visit every place of amusement in Boston for the last week, according to the advertisments, but up to the 5th inst. he had not appeared.

We hear it reported that the celebrated mare, Minnehaha, that was recently performing at the Baltimore Museum with R. E. J. Miles, died on the 2d inst. It is said that Mr. Miles refused $5000 for the animal a few days previous to her death.

It seems gambling is not confined altogether to mysterious-looking houses with brown stone fronts, but has found its way into the theatre also. At the Denver Theatre, Colorado, "they say" that as soon as the curtain drops, the "Colorado Onesters" produce the monte cards in the gallery and a game is begun, which usually terminates about ten minutes after the next act commences. Some of them seem to have a perfect mania for the game. That is what "they say"—we don't vouch for the truth of it, however.

The inaugural ceremonies of the opening of the California Pioneer New Hall, were to have taken place on the 8th of Jan. Eugene Lies, Esq., orator for the occasion. An "inaugural levee" was to be held in the evening.

Father Kemp's Old Folks have engaged Firemen's Hall, Detroit, for four nights of the week ending Feb. 21.

Gottschalk and Carlotta Patti were to have given "one occasion only" at Mechanics' Hall, Hamilton, C. W., on the 7th inst.

Professor Siddons was to lecture on the Art of War at Good Templars' Hall, on the 5th, in Hamilton, C. W.

The services of M'lle. Marie Zoe, the beautiful Spanish operatic danseuse, may be engaged by addressing Mr. B. Yates, ballet master, at the Washington Varieties, where the talented lady is now performing. See advertisement.

Frank Pastor, brother of the popular Tony, is now performing with success at the Cirque Napoleon, Paris. Another brother, William, is engaged with M. Loiset, at Copenhagen, Denmark. These brother Pastors are good enough for any church.

AMUSEMENTS.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
BRYANT BROTHERS, Proprietors. JOHN SIMPSON, Treasurer.
WINANS and BUCHANAN, Ushers. A. ROSS, Officer.
SEVENTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENOWNED
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The Company is composed of the following talented Artists:—

DAN BRYANT,	NEIL BRYANT,	
SHER C. CAMPBELL,	W. W. NEWCOMB,	
NELSON SEYMOUR,	G. W. H. GRIFFIN,	
W. L. HOBBS,	G. S. FOWLER,	J. H. SIVORI,
G. A. CONNERS,	G. W. CHARLES,	J. W. HILTON,
D. D. EMMETT,	J. MORRISON,	T. GETTINGS,
ROLLIN HOWARD,	FRANK LESLIE,	LITTLE MAC.

In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c., &c. For Particulars see bills of the day.
Tickets 25 cents. 43-tf

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.
This popular establishment will
COMMENCE THEIR SIXTH REGULAR SEASON
MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 4th.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS
Consist of the following Gentlemen:

LON MORRIS,	N. LOTHIAN,
BILLY MORRIS,	R. M. CARROLL,
JOHNNY PELL,	J. QUEEN,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE,	F. WILMARTH,
E. W. PRESCOTT.	R. FREDERICKS,
J. L. GILBERT,	J. J. HILLIARD,
J. P. ENDRES,	D. J. MAGUINNIS,
AUGUST SCHNEIDER,	L. A. ZWISSLER.
D. W. BOARDMAN,	JAPANESE TOMMY.

The Management call particular notice to the above distinguished array of Talent.
Tickets 25 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
39-tf LON MORRIS, Manager.

FOREIGN SPORTING ITEMS IN BRIEF.—Our latest advices over the water are not of much importance this week.....The four miles walking match between Jimmy Miles and Hatley came off January 19, at Hackney Wick, Hatley beating the Champion nearly fifty yards. Time, 31 min. 19¼ sec.....Patsey Reardon's benefit was well attended at the Rotunda, Blackfriar's Road, London, on the 19th ult. Jem Dillon and Reardon put on the finishing touch.....Mick the Grecian and Hicken, on Jan. 17, were tried and bound over in £50 each to keep the peace for six months, for engaging in a mill near Wolverhampton. Bob Brettle was also fined £10 for being present, but Joe Goss was let off because he helped the M.P.'s.....Young Dutch Sam was up for a benefit Jan. 26, to come off in the neighborhood of Petticoat Lane. Mine Gott!.....Alec Keene and Jerry Noon, the Corsican brothers, had arrived at Berlin, and were teaching the "Proossians" the manly art.....C. Riley and E. W. Love fought for a fiver at Leith. Nineteen rounds were got through in thirty-five minutes, when the Dublinite, Riley, was declared the victor. .....Another deposit of £25 a side was made good Jan. 20, for the rowing match between Chambers and Everson.....George Henley, and Jack Lynch fought for £25 a side on Jan. 20, Henley won in five rounds and 9¼ minutes. Details in our next.

MICKEY FREE TURNED UP.—Although he is in the hospital, he is in the best of health, and ready for sport. Read the following challenges from him:—UNITED STATES ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL, Newark, N. J., Feb. 2, 1863.—EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir*—I have been on the shelf for the last two years, on account of the trouble that has taken place in this country. I volunteered my services in its behalf, connecting myself with Co. C, 5th Regt. New Jersey Volunteers, and serving with pride until after the battle of Williamsburg, in which I lost the use of my left hand, by receiving a shot from Johnny Rebs in three of my fingers. I am now in the hospital at Newark, and am prepared to make a match to walk any man in the United States on a stage five feet high, forty feet long, and three feet wide, and the first who sits down, goes to sleep, or falls from the stage, to lose; or I will run five miles and jump five hundred hurdles, each three feet high, against Jim Ransley, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., or Wallace Ferguson, of Albany, or Lambert, of Boston; or I will pick up one hundred stones, one yard apart, against any man. Any of the above matches can be made through the CLIPPER.

MICKEY FREE, the Irish Pedestrian.

ANOTHER BILLIARD MATINEE.—On Tuesday, Feb. 3, another of those exhibition matches came off, this time at Reeves' rooms, which were crowded with an audience of leading professional and amateur players. The contestants were first, Messrs. Deery and Phelan, and then Goldthwaite and Kavanagh. The first game Deery won by over a hundred points, his highest run being 236. Bully for Deery. Phelan's highest was over 70. The second match, which was regarded with a great deal of interest, resulted in the triumph of Goldthwaite by a lead of 96 in a game of 500 points up. Kavanagh made the highest run, 136, Goldthwaite's highest figures being 99. Afterwards, Cahill and Flynn had a trial of skill, the former being the victor. On Tuesday afternoon next, the fourth gathering will take place, at Chris. Connor's. This is to be a select affair, requiring cards of admission.

WHERE IS HE?—This is getting to be a question of importance, and is asked frequently in billiard circles. The personal pronoun refers, we are informed, to Mr. Peter Braisted, of the Fourth-avenue Billiard Rooms, who, although frequently solicited, declines making a match with Mr. O'Connor, unless it is played at his (Braisted's) rooms. Now, as the first was played there, we deem it nothing but right to give his rival the choice of place. Turn about is fair play, you know. Come, Peter, you have won once, give your opponent a chance to "get hunk." "All right," say you? All right it is then.

AN AFTERNOON BILLIARD MATINEE takes place at Union-square Billiard Rooms, Chris. O'Connor proprietor, on Tuesday, 10th inst., at 3, P. M., when the beauties of the game are to be exhibited by Messrs. Phelan, Kavanagh, Goldthwaite, Deery, and others. All the admirers of this beautiful game will be sure to be on hand.

THE PHELAN BILLIARD ROOMS, Nos. 720 and 722 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal., are "proprietorshipped" by Edward Perkins. Edward, was it you that won that table at the amateur tournament here a year or two ago? If so, say so, that we may so say to those who ask if 'tis so.

COCKING IN DETROIT.—A main of thirteen battles was to have been fought in that city last week, between some Indiana cockers and the Chappel boys of Detroit, for $250 a side; but the Hoosiers having discovered the character of the Wolverine birds, paid forfeit, and so the affair fizzled out. We have one of the finest cock pits in the country, in the livery stable of B. H. Thompson, and the boys above referred to are ready to make matches with "any other man," "go or stay," "give or take" expenses, &c.

Detroit, Feb, 9, 1863, ÆCTON.

PUTNAM CRICKET CLUB MEETING.—The members of this Philadelphia club held a meetng on the 4th inst., when the following named gentlemen were elected as officers for the ensuing term:—President, Hermann Alterogt; Treasurer, Henry Luce; Secretary, Wm. Moore; Committee, Philip Brown, Samuel W. Irwin, Thomas Gillingham and John Luce. The Putnam Cricket Club, of Philadelphia, challenges any junior club of that city to to play a match.

ALEC ROSS AND HANK THE MASON TO DANCE A MATCH.—These two jig dancers are making arrangements for a grand trial of the heel and toe business at St. Louis. Hank was dancing at the Bowery Concert Saloon there according to our latest intelligence.

TWENTY SONGS A NIGHT!—That's about the average quantity given by Ned Harding (who has sang at near all our concert halls) at his free and easy on the 8th avenue, between 23d and 24th streets, the only place of the kind for miles around. They have three nights a week singing—Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday—and a grand chowder on Fridays. Eat, drink, and be merry; for what's the use of sighin', to-morrow you may be dyin'—your moustache. Then hie to the Eagle Vanits!

GRAND RAFFLE.—The celebrated Dog Indignation Picture, by the Animal Painter, J. LOCKHART SMITH, now on Exhibition at the Astor House bar room, will be Raffled off on SATURDAY EVENING, Feb. 14th, without fail. Call and see it. Raffling for chances every evening.

DOG INDIGNATION MEETING.—J. Lockhart Smith, the well known Animal Painter, has just completed a large picture—now on exhibition at Pettis & Leith's, on Fourth street, representing an Indignation Meeting of Dogs in reference to the City Dog Tax. The subject was suggested to the mind of the artist from reading an article which appeared in the *Republican* some time last spring, descriptive of an Indignation Meeting of Dogs called in consequence of the Dog License and the action of the dog catchers of the city, at the Court House. Mr. Smith improved upon this fanciful sketch, and has produced a picture truly magnificent in all its details. A noble Newfoudland dog is represented as presiding over the meeting, assisted by a fine pointer and bull terrier, as Vice Presidents. On the floor near the President's platform, the artist has grouped a small delegation of different sorts of dogs, terriers, pointers, setters, &c. The Scotch terrier has a brass collar about his neck, showing that his license has been paid, a fact concerning which he seems very much ashamed and hangs his head in dogged silence. The other "hon. and distinguished" delegates assume an air of marked independence. The picture will be found highly instructive to any one interested in the study of comparative physiology. The grave and dignified Newfoundland mastiff, clothed with solemn dignity for the occasion, fills his position as a model presiding officer, and the dogs barking violently in their endeavors to be recognized by the chair, are true "to life," or especially to all deliberative bodies, as indeed are the attitudes and the expressions of the different "hon. and distinguished" delegates throughout.

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL.
514 BROADWAY, 514
Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.
HENRY WOOD.....Proprietor and Manager.
THE GREAT SUCCESS,
achieved by
WOOD'S MINSTRELS,
in presenting their patrons with an entertainment portraying the LIGHTS AND SHADES OF NEGRO LIFE, combining WIT and MELODY, producing Uproarious Fun and Screams of Laughter, is the Universal Theme of Admiration.
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 9, and every evening during the week.
DEAF AS A POST, THE TEUTONIC WARBLERS,
THE ECHO, RUNNING THE BLOCKADE,
PANAMA RAILROAD, BROADWAY BELLE,
BLACKSMITH'S JUBILEE, BIRD HUNTERS, &c., &c., by
EPH HORN, CHARLEY FOX, NELSE SEYMOUR,
COOL WHITE, HENRY, LOCKWOOD,
GLENN, SCHWICARDI, ISAACS BROTHERS,
GARATAGUA, HASLAM, LEIS, LEWIS, &c.
Doors open at 6½; commence at 7¼ o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.
No connection with any other Troupe assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 43-

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager,.....WM. WHEATLEY.
FOURTH WEEK of the Triumphantly Successful Engagement of
THE GREAT TRAGIC ARTIST,
MISS BATEMAN,
Whose impressive, natural, and pathetic rendition of the
JEWISH MAIDEN
Has created the most profound dramatic sensation and attracted a series of the most crowded and fashionable audiences ever assembled in this city.
MONDAY, Feb. 9, and Every Evening this Week,
Will be presented the beautiful romantic play entitled
LEAH, THE FORSAKEN.
Superb and exquisite Scenery by J. H. SELWYN.
Original Music, composed expressly, by ROBERT STOEPEL.
Musical Director.....HARVEY B. DODWORTH.
Characteristic Dresses and Appointments,
By MESSRS. PHILLIPE and S. WALLIS.
LEAH, the Jewess.....MISS BATEMAN.
And an unrivalled cast, embracing the names of J. W. Wallack, Jr., Edwin Adams, Burnett, Lanergan, Lamb, Wilson, Mesdames Chanfrau, Skerrett, and the admirable Chorus.
Doors open at 7, to commence a quarter before 8 o'clock. 44-

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.
Lessee and Manageress.....Miss Laura Keene.
Sixth Week of the Engagement of
MRS. JOHN WOOD.
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 9th, 1863,
First time of a new version of Planche's well-known Fairy Extravaganza, entitled the
FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS,
in which
MRS. JOHN WOOD will sustain three distinct characters.
In each she will make her first appearance, consequently making
THREE FIRST APPEARANCES THE SAME EVENING.
MR. WALCOT, Sen., as KING LACHROMOSO.
THE ARAB GIANT, THE GREAT GALIFRON,
together with an
Excellent Cast of Characters,
Powerful Chorus and Corps de Ballet,
New Selections of Music,
Gorgeous Scenery,
Mechanical Effects,
Splendid Costumes, and
Elaborate Stage Appointments.
Box Book Now Open. 43-

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
Last six nights of
MR. E. EDDY.
MONDAY and TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 9 and 10,
Grand revival of
DER FREISCHUTZ,
with all the grand effects, including the
SUPERB INCANTATION SCENE
Of the Seven Charmed Bullets, in the
WOLF'S GLEN.
The beautiful Drama of
MAINTINIMO.
Mr. Eddy as Kaspar and Maintinimo.
Concludes with the Drama of the
FOREST OF ROSENWOLD.

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,
AND
MR. PETER RICHINGS,
Having played very successful engagements at
FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
and
MRS. DREW'S, ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
Will commence an engagement at
NIBLO'S GARDEN,
On MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 23, 1863,
when will be produced for the first time in New York, their great Spectacle (Operatic and Dramatic) entitled,
SATANELLA.
39-tf A. S. PENNOYER, Agent.

BROADWAY MENAGERIE.
600 BROADWAY.
L. B. LENT.....Manager.
Open daily from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., with the most splendid collection of
LIVING WILD ANIMALS IN AMERICA.
THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY,
At 11½ A. M., 3 and 8½ P. M., by
PERFORMING ELEPHANTS, PONIES, MONKEYS, & MULES.
Admission 25 cts.; Children under 10, 15 cts. 44-

BROOKLYN ARENA.
RAYMOND STREET,
BETWEEN FULTON AND DE KALB AVENUES.
EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK, AND ON
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS,
Superb Horsemanship by all the great riders,
Athletic Feats by the Delavanti Brothers, &c., &c.
Dress Circle, 25 cts. Children 15 cts. Gallery 15 cts. 40-tf

GROVER'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON.
MR. AND MRS.
BARNEY WILLIAMS,
The Original
IRISH BOY and YANKEE GIRL,
are now in the third week of the most
UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENT
ever fulfilled in the
CITY OF WASHINGTON,
Turning hundreds from the doors nightly unable to obtain admission. 44-tf

FOR SALE.—To Showmen and others interested. The Privilege to run the CANDY STAND inside and outside of Wheeler's International Circus and Modern Arena. Said Stand has the Right of Sale of all Refreshments, also of Tickets and Song Books. Also For Sale, the First Right to SIDE SHOW. Said Circus will start from Boston on or about the 25th of April next. For terms apply to GOODWIN & WILDER,
Cincinnati, Ohio,
Or WM. G. CROMBIE, No. 1 Warren square, Boston, Mass.
N. B.—None need apply unless they have the cash to pay in advance, and to those we will sell very low. 44-tf

MUSARD HALL, OSWEGO, N. Y.—This new, large, and commodious hall is now finished and ready for use. It has all modern improvements for lighting, heating, and ventilation. The Stage is large, and conveniently arranged for Theatrical, Concert, or Lecture purposes. As a concert room, it cannot be excelled. Address JOHN A. BARRY,
44-13t.sb Proprietor Musard Hall, Oswego, N. Y.

NOW OPEN at Smith & Ditson's Hall,
CINCINNATI,
GOODWIN & WILDER'S
GIGANTIC POLYMORAMA OF THE WAR.
The only legitimate exhibition of the War now travelling, forming a complete epitome of all the thrilling incidents and events connected with the
GREAT REBELLION,
Its route through the Western Cities has, thus far, been a GRAND TRIUMPHAL MARCH, exhibiting nightly to HOUSES CROWDED TO OVERFLOWING, 43-tf

PEOPLE'S HALL, NEWBURGH, N. Y.—This Hall is now open for the accommodation of
FIRST CLASS TRAVELING COMPANIES,
Has Stage, Dressing Rooms, and all the modern improvements necessary for a First Class Hall. Will seat comfortably one thousand persons. For terms, &c., apply to J. M. MARTIN,
44-13t* People's Hall, Newburgh, N. Y.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
JOHN ELLSLER.....Proprietor and Manager.
This is the largest, most comfortable, beautiful, and altogether the most popular theatre in this city. It is for RENT, BY THE NIGHT OR WEEK, from the present date, January 10, or Troupes can exhibit in it on sharing terms. All applications to be made to the above manager, at Columbus, Ohio, to the 1st of April, next. 40-tf

FOX'S CASINO,
CHESTNUT STREET, ABOVE SIXTH, PHILADELPHIA.
Under the Management of R. FOX, late of CANTERBURY HALL, New York.
The above commodious Place of Amusement is now open and doing a first rate business.
Performers of acknowledged ability can meet with good engagements by applying as above.
32-tf CHRIS NORRIS, Treasurer.

JUST FROM NEW ORLEANS
AND THE ISLAND OF CUBA.
CROWNED WITH UNPARALLELED SUCCESS.
MAKE WAY FOR
THE GIGANTIC LEADING MINSTREL TROUPE OF THE PROFESSION.
MAMMOTH ORGANIZATION AND BRASS BAND.
Return of the far-famed and world wide renowned
DUPREZ & GREEN'S
ORIGINAL NEW ORLEANS & METROPOLITAN
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE AND BRASS BAND,
From their late tour to New-Orleans and through the Island of Cuba, where they met with unlimited success and were received nightly with roars of laughter and shouts of applause.
Stage Manager..... J. E. GREEN.
Leader of Brass Band.....C. LAVELLEE.
Musical Director.....J. HEEP.
Vocal Director.....G. BIDEAUX.
The company is composed of the following eighteen Artistic and Brilliant
GREAT STARS OF ETHIOPIAN DELINEATORS.

J. E. GREEN,	GUSTAVE BIDEAUX,
J. K. CAMPBELL,	HARRY SLATE,
CHAS. H. DUPREZ,	M. AINSLEY SCOTT,
JOHN KELK,	CALIXA LAVELLEE,
FRED FLORENCE,	LOUIS WEST,
J. H. KELLOGG,	FLEM ADAMS,
EDWIN HOLMES,	GILBERT POND,
A. S. PRENTISS,	WM. DUBOIS,
GEORGE YOUNG,	SAM P. MARRION,

Being the Greatest Combination of Talent ever concentrated in one Company, excelling and far superior to all other Traveling Troupes in existence.
The whole under the control and direction of
DUPREZ & GREEN, Sole Proprietors.
The above popular Troupe will, during the remainder of the season, visit the Western and Eastern States, also the Canadas.
GRAND BALCONY SERENADES,
Each evening previous to opening the Doors,
BY THE UNEQUALLED
NEW ORLEANS AND METROPOLITAN BRASS BAND,
OF TEN PIECES.
Manager and General Director,
CHAS. H. DUPREZ.
Advertising Agent, A. S. PRENTISS. 44-tf

444. THE GREAT AMERICAN MUSIC HALL,
444 BROADWAY.
OUR BRILLIANT CAREER CONTINUED.
A CONTINUED SUCCESSION OF NOVELTIES THIS WEEK.
All the leading artists in the profession in the versatile Ethiopian, Comic and Terpsichorean line.
Mark the Programme of this week.
Note the Unprecedented Array of Talent.
TONY PASTOR,
The greatest, most original Comic Singer in America.
CHARLEY WHITE,
The Leader of all Negro Comedians, author of all the successful Ethiopian Farces, Burlesques and Extravaganzas of the day.
J. WAMBOLD, F. SHAW, DAN SHELBY,
T. J. RIGGS, MONS. BRILLIANT, MASTER TOMMY,
MISS ASHTON and DONNOVAN. MONS. LA THORNE,
Together with other prominent performers.
THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE
composed of the most finished dancers.
43-tf ROBERT W. BUTLER, Proprietor.

CONCERT HALL,
HELENA, ARK.
SMITH, MURPHY & FREEBERTHYSER, Proprietors.
Entertainments every Evening,
BY THE
SABLE HARMONISTS,
Comprising the following talented Ethiopian Artists
J. W. SMITH,
J. B. MURPHY,
MARTIN FREEBERTHYSER,
E. D. GOODING,
J. H. STOUT,
JOHN FREEBERTHYSER,
HENRY FREEBERTHYSER,
JOHN COLE,
CHAS. SANFORD,
GEO. W. NORTHROP,
In conjunction with
LA BELLE LOUISE,
The charming Danseuse and Vocalist,
AND
MDLLE THEODORA,
The fascinating Prima Danseuse.
Artists of recognised merit, wishing engagements, will apply to J. B. MURPHY, Helena, Ark.
Higher Salaries paid than by any Management in the country. 46-tf

CANTERBURY HALL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
WILLIAM E. SINN.....Sole Proprietor.
Also of
LIBERTY HALL, ALEXANDRIA, VA.
THE CANTERBURY
Is the
MOST MAGNIFICENT
MUSIC HALL IN AMERICA.
None but the
VERY FIRST TALENT
WILL BE ENGAGED
at this
BEAUTIFUL TEMPLE.
Ladies and Gentlemen of known ability always wanted.
Address to
GEO. PERCIVAL, Business Manager,
Or WILLIAM E. SINN, Proprietor,
41-tf. Box 159, Washington, P. O.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
CHARLES TIBBETTS.....Lessee and Manager.
This Theatre is now open for the Fall and Winter Season, with the finest Company ever in California.
JULIA DEAN HAYNE,

MRS. JUDAH,	MISS MOWBRAY,
MRS. C. R. THORNE,	MRS. CLAUGHLEY,
MRS. JAS. STARK,	MISS FREDERICKS,
MR. J. B. BOOTH,	MR. L. F. BEATTY,
W. M. LEMAN,	W. C. FORBES,
S. W. LEACH,	FRED FRANKS,
E. THAYER,	H. BROWN,

With a Numerous Corps of Auxiliaries.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.
Dress Circle.....$1.00 | Orchestra Seats $1.00
Parquet.....50 cts | Gallery ..... 25 cts
Private Boxes.....10 and 5 dollars.
Stars intending to visit California will find it to their interests to address as above. 40-26t

WASHINGTON HALL CONCERT ROOM,
WHEELING, VA.,
The only Room in the City suitable for
CONCERTS, THEATRICAL AND MINSTREL PERFORMANCES,
Situated in the heart of the City,
CORNER OF MARKET AND MONROE STREETS,
Immediately opposite the McLure House,
Easy of Access,
and Unsurpassed for Strength in the United States.
The Room is 104 feet long by 54 feet wide, 24 feet ceiling, including a Stage 28 by 30 feet, with four Dressing Rooms, and Scenery; Brilliantly Lighted and furnished with Arm Chairs.
☞ Let on accommodating terms.
40-tf Washington Hall Building, Wheeling, Va.

WASHINGTON VARIETIES.
ALBERT HAMBLIN & CO.....Proprietors.
JAMES PILGRIM.....Stage Manager.
OPENED FOR THE SEASON,
WITH A
FIRST CLASS COMPANY.
The Hall, for elegance and comfort, cannot be excelled by any similar Establishment in the country.
VERY SUPERIOR ENTERTAINMENTS,
Embracing Pantomimes, Ballets, Ethiopean Acts, Singing, Dancing, &c., &c., will be given.
First class artists desiring engagements may address
POST OFFICE BOX, 506,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 1863. 39-tf

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.
This truly elegant and very beautiful theatre is kept open during the whole of the year.
AMERICAN STARS,
of acknowledged position and talent negotiated with, for long or short engagements, as mutual interests may require.
Address, ALEX. HENDERSON,
45tf Sole Lessee and Proprietor.

CORINTHIAN HALL,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
This long established and popular place of Amusement continues under the same Management that for 13 years of assiduous attention to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, has won for it the reputation of being one of the most popular and best conducted places of Amusement in the State.
Apply personally, or by letter, to
W. A. REYNOLDS.
21-6m* 59 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL,
N. W. COR. FIFTH AND CHESTNUT STS., PHILAD'A, PA.
LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY IN THE CITY.
☞ Ladies and gentlemen of known ability, will address
ROB'T GARDINER & HARRY ENOCHS,
32-3m Proprietors.

GEORGE P. MADDEN, Ethiopian Comedian and Magician is inquired after. Send your address to the CLIPPER office. 43-

BENE EST RIDERE.
SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,
BRASS BAND,
AND BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
THE MONITORS OF MINSTRELSY,
Are now returning from the
MOST SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN
Ever made in the Eastern States, and will visit the scenes of
THEIR FORMER TRIUMPHS,
In the Empire State, en-route
TO THE GREAT WEST,
Where they will appear during the present season,
INTRODUCING
THEIR GREAT CHALLENGE PROGRAMME,
As performed only by these
AUTOCRATS OF ETHIOPIA,
THE MAMMOTH TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
In the ranks of this
ARMY OF ARTISTS
will be found
Five Original Comedians,
Nine Musicians,
Four Solo Singers,
Five Dancers,
And a host of Auxiliaries, to give due effect to their
ORIGINAL BURLESQUES.
The Best Quartet,
The Best Instrumentalists,
The Best Delineators, and
The Best Orchestra,
EVER KNOWN IN MINSTRELSY.
THE SUBSTANTIAL ETHIOPIAN CONFEDERACY,
ALL IRON CLADS.
The Largest Halls in the Country
Are too small to accommodate
THE VAST CROWDS
Who flock to see
THE GREAT ORIGINALS.
The most Stupendous
Ethiopian Organization
EVER KNOWN.
THE MAMMOTH ADVERTISING
OF THIS
POPULAR TROUPE
Has marked an Era
in the
ANNALS OF BURNT CORK,
And caused our rivals to
STAND AGHAST!
HUGE BILL-BOARDS
have to be
CONSTRUCTED
To Display
The Twenty-five
PICTORIAL POSTERS
That announce
The Advent of
THESE SABLE STARS,
Preceded by the
PASTE BRIGADE.
Gen. J. D. NEWCOOMB,
Avant Courier.
Col. R. BRIGHAM BROWN,
Advertiser and Paragraphist.
Maj. O. UNDERWOOD.
Programme Wrestler,
SAM SHARPLEY,
Manager and Proprietor.
C. A. BOYD, Leader.
FRANK BOWLES,
Leader of Brass Band.
G. W. BAILEY, Property Man.
Tickets, 25 cents. Reserved Seats, 50 cents.
42- SAM SHARPLEY, Manager and Proprietor.

CONTINENTAL MUSIC HALL, PHILADELPHIA,
Walnut Street, above Eighth,
Sole Lessee and Proprietor.....FRED. AIMS.
THE MAMMOTH MUSIC HALL OF THE WORLD.
THE LARGEST AND MOST ARTISTIC COMPANY IN AMERICA.
M'LLE HELENE,
The Premiere Danseuse of the age.
The Great Ethiopian Trio
JNO. MULLIGAN, ANDY LEAVITT, and DENNY GALLAGHER.
The Celebrated Pantomimists
J. S. MAFFITT, and W. H. BARTHOLOMEW.
MISS JULIA PRICE, MR. GEORGE W. SMITH,
MISS SUSIE SUMMERFIELD, MR. C. McMILLAN,
MISS MAGGIE NICHOLS, MR. TOM VANCE,
KATE HUGHES, MR. C. W. PARKER.
KATE HAMILTON, MR. JNO. RITTER,
MISS ROSA SMITH, AMELIA KELMIRE, LUCY STONE,
ALICE LEACH, LUCY HAMILTON, CAROLINE MILLER.
ANNIE ELDRIDGE, C. MORTON,
And the Famous Court of Beauty,
THE GREAT CONTINENTAL CORPS DE BALLET.
ADMISSION,

Parquet..... 25 cts.	Seats in Private Boxes...50 cts.
Orchestra Chairs.....37 cts.	Gallery.....10 cts.
Lower Private Boxes....$3 00	Colored Boxes.....25 cts.
Upper Private Boxes....$2 00	Colored Gallery.....15 cts.

Doors open at quarter before 7 o'clock.
Performance will commence at 8.
Artists of known ability, desiring engagements, will please address as above. 40-tf

VARIETIES THEATRE,
LATE ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE,
After a most successful season of over Eleven months, is now open with the following Company:
MISS LOUISA WELLS, MISS CLARA BUTLER,
MISS C. MORLEY, MISS ROSE DE LUCE,
MISS FANNY THOMPSON, MISS MINNIE LANIER,
MLLE ADA LAURENT, MLLE JULIETTE,
MISS JOHANNA CLIFFORD, MISS FLORENCE WELLS,
MISS LIDA HIBBARD, MLLE FLORA,
MLLE LOUISE WALBY,

EDWARD BERRY,	WM. M. REEVE.	T. H. JEFFERSON,
TOM CONY,	GEO. P. JAQUES,	NICK FOSTER,
WM. R. DERR,	JOHN CONKLIN,	P. CONKLIN,
J. BARNEY,	J. JEROME,	LESLIE MAY,

FRANK STEELE,
A LARGE BALLET TROUPE.
Ballet Master.....SIGNOR CONSTANTINE,
Leader of Orchestra.....B. VOGEL.
Scenic Artist.....THOS. NOXON.
Costumer.....HERR OHMAN.
GEO. J. DEAGLE, Lessee.
EDWARD BERRY, Stage Manager.
These, with many minor members constitute
A MONSTER COMPANY,
Who are nightly drawing crowded houses to witness their
CHASTE AND BRILLIANT PERFORMANCES.
THE VARIETIES
IS THE LARGEST, HANDSOMEST, BEST APPOINTED,
AND MOST COMFOTABLE
MUSIC HALL IN THE COUNTRY.
Parties of acknowledged excellence desiring engagements, may Address GEO. J. DEAGLE, Varieties Theatre,
31 tf St. Louis, Missouri.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
THOMAS MAGUIRE.....Proprietor and Manager.
H. COURTAINE.....Stage Manager.
R. HAROLD.....Conductor.
J. L. SCHMITZ.....Leader of Orchestra.
Fifth Week of the
ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE.
SIGNORA BIANCHI, SIGNOR BIANCHI,
MAD. AGATHA STATES, MISS LIZZIE PARKER,
MISS JENNIE MANDERVILLE, MISS ALICIA MANDERVILLE,
MR. JOHN GREGG, SIGNOR J. GROSSI,
SIG. RONCOVERI, MONS. CHARLES,
And the Celebrated German Chorus, consisting of 29 voices.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle.....$1	Orchestra Seats.....$1
Parquet.....50 cts	Second Circle.....25 cts
Private Boxes.....$5 and $10.	

Box Office open from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Seats secured three days in advance.
Stars visiting California should remember that Mr. Maguire is also proprietor of Hayes' Park, San Francisco; the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, Sacramento and Marysville. 36-tf

THE LARGEST
SHOW BILL PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD!
CLARRY & REILLEY,
(Successors to John E. Bacon,)
PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
12 and 14 Spruce Street, New York,
Pay particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For travelling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circusses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
☞ A deposit required on all work ordered.
All orders addressed to "CLARRY & REILLEY," Bacon Printing and Engraving establishment, 12 and 14 Spruce street, New York, will be promptly attended to. 41tf

CALIFORNIA THEATRICAL AGENCY.—SHERIDAN CORBYN would respectfully inform members of the dramatic, Musical, or Equestrian professions, that he has established an Agency in San Francisco, and is prepared to negotiate engagements and transact all other business pertaining to the profession. Address SHERIDAN CORBYN, San Francisco, Cal.
N. B.—All letters requiring answers must contain a stamp to pre-pay the same. 46-6m

BANJO AND JIG DANCING TAUGHT by J. BOGAN, 139 First avenue, N. Y., at 50 cts. per lesson. BANJOS, superior to any made, on hand for sale. N. B.—On receipt of $1, I will send Three Written Lessons on the Banjo, or Jig Dancing. 44-1t*

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN,
Cor. COURT & REMSEN STREETS.
MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 26, and during the week.
"THE CREME DE LA CREME,"
OF ALL MINSTREL ORGANIZATIONS.
Still floating on the full tide of Public Favor.
ANOTHER MAMMOTH PROGRAMME,
In which our patrons may "loll" in the luxurious lap of
MELODY, MIRTH, AND SONG.
First week of the
BABES IN THE WOODS;
OR, THE LAST OF THE WARM-PAN-HOGS.
OLD BOB RIDLEY FESTIVAL.
HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS' QUADRILLES.
JOHNNY'S GONE AWAY.
LAUGHING DARKIES.
LA NORMA.
PENNYTRUMPETCOMBSOLOIST, &c., &c.
For particulars see small bills.
Doors open at 6¾; to commence at 7¾. Tickets 25 cents.
42-tf

SANFORD'S OPERA HOUSE,
HARRISBURGH, PA.
THE ONLY
LEGITIMATE ETHIOPIAN THEATRE IN THIS COUNTRY.
SAMUEL S. SANFORD, Proprietor.
SANFORD'S TROUPE,
THE ONLY
DRAMATIC, OPERATIC, AND PANTOMIME COMPANY IN THE WORLD,
SANFORD being the only successor of the late
T. D. RICE,
Sustaining his Role of Characters. Possessing manuscripts of his Plays, he has the advantage of all other
MINSTREL TROUPES,
In presenting more variety, thus enabling him to maintain a strong position in all the cities and towns he may visit with his
GREAT TROUPE OF STARS.
Due notice will be given of route of Spring and Summer of 1863.
See CLIPPER. 44-1t

CARD.—The undersigned, having noticed in the Philadelphia *Mercury*, and other papers of last week, an advertisement bearing his name, (such advertisement being no doubt issued by some malicious scamp for dishonest purposes), takes this method of repudiating the forgery.
For a year past I have not been connected in any way, directly or indirectly, with any place of amusement in Philadelphia; the only place of which I am proprietor being the AMERICAN MUSIC HALL, 444 Broadway, N. Y., which a generous public have assisted me in keeping open for the past four years, while every other place of the kind was compelled to close.
Those bogus managers, agents, etc., have taken refuge in Philadelphia, where they now recommence the same course that drove them from New York, viz.: the publication of false cards, dishonesty and forgery, coupled with immoral exhibitions, which recently compelled our State Legislature to enact laws for their entire suppression.
To return good for a puerile attempt at evil, I would teach those runaway agents, above alluded to, the secret of my success. It is this: an upright and honest principle in management, and a cash down, square-dealing method in business. As this may be as opposite to their principles as it is foreign to their natures, I leave them to the public, from whom chicanery and forgery, sooner or later, find their reward, as those parties above alluded to have already found out in New York.
43-tf ROBERT W. BUTLER, 444 Broadway, N. Y.

MADAME MARIE MACART, the Celebrated PREMIERE EQUESTRIAN ACTRESS and PANTOMIMIST, who created such a sensation, and achieved unequalled fame in the States a few years since, having fulfilled a series of protracted engagements (with great success,) will shortly re-visit the scenes of her former triumphs in company with Mr. James Cook, the renowned Hibernian Clown, from Astley's, London, and Mr. George Clark, the celebrated Grotesque, from Hengler's Cirque, Liverpool.
MADAME MACART respectfully intimates that she has a repertoire of New and Beautiful Scenes and Acts, adapted for either Ring or Stage, which are well worthy the attention of a discriminating public. Due notice of their arrival will be given. All communications to be addressed to the Pacific Hotel, New York. 43-tf

HART & SIMMONS'
MINSTRELS.
THE GREAT ETHIOPIAN
BLOCKADING SQUADRON,
Will start on their First Annual Tour, on
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2d, visiting all the
PRINCIPAL CITIES
EAST AND WEST.
This troupe will comprise some of
THE BEST PERFORMERS
IN THE PROFESSION. 43-tf

ATHENEUM THEATRE,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.
JOHN ELLSLER.....Manager and Proprietor.
Opens on the 12th inst., for a season of three months, with the Dramatic Company from the Academy of Music, Cleveland. Stars wishing nights will please address JOHN A. ELLSLER, JR.,
40-tf Columbus, Ohio.
WANTED IMMEDIATELY—An attractive Female Dancer, if possible, one that can act and sing, for the season, for the Columbus and Cleveland, Ohio, Theatres. The season is from date to middle of July next.

LEA'S MELODEON, BALTIMORE, MD.—This house is the only Concert Room open in Baltimore, and is carried on by GEORGE LEA, formerly
PROPRIETOR OF THE NEW YORK MELODEON.
Performers of talent wishing engagements will address as above. Open every night except Sunday, and "No Matinees."
N. B.—TWENTY FIVE YOUNG LADIES wanted for the ballet. Those that can dance single dances preferred. 40-tf

MASONIC TEMPLE, LOUISVILLE, KY.—This Hall is now open for the accommodation of FIRST CLASS TRAVELING COMPANIES; has Stage, Dressing Rooms, and all the modern improvements necessary for a First Class Hall. Will seat comfortably 1200 persons. For terms, &c., apply to
ROBERT C. MATHEWS,
Agent Masonic Temple,
31-3m Louisville, Ky.

TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES, PITTSBURGH, PA.
SEVENTH MONTH OF THE SEASON.
CONTINUED SUCCESS.
WANTED, IMMEDIATELY, A DOUBLE COMPANY of Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged ability in the Concert Business.
N.B.—NONE BUT FIRST CLASS ARTISTS need address
44-2t* W. C. SMYTHE, Sole Lessee and Manager.

THEATRICAL, LITERARY, CONCERT, AND EQUESTRIAN AGENCY, 614½ Broadway. Wanted—for the UNION THEATRE, Leavenworth City, FIRST SINGING CHAMBERMAID, LOW COMEDIAN, LEADING MAN. Also, Wanted for Welch's Varieties, Detroit, THREE DANSEUSES, SONG AND DANCE MAN, BANJOIST, COMIC SINGER, and other first class artists. Apply as above, enclosing three cent stamp.
J. CONNER, Agent.
☞ WARREN BOARDWELL, why don't you answer my letters? Send your address. J. C. [45-1t*]

PLAY BOOKS, PHOTOGRAPHS of KATE BATEMAN, also, as Leah; Maggie Mitchell, Lucille Western, Laura Keene, Caroline Richings, Mrs. John Wood, also in character; A. I. Menken, as French Spy and Mazeppa; Susan Denin, Kate Denin, Isabella Cubas, Fanny Brown, also in character; Webb Sisters, Lavinia Warren, Tom. Thumb, Mr. and Mrs. B. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Florence, E. Forrest, E. Booth, J. W. Wallack, Jr., Wilkes Booth, Ed. Adams, Lester Wallack, and hundreds of others. 25 cents each, or five for $1. Sent to any address on receipt of price. Catalogues sent on receipt of postage stamp, by
44-1t* W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

TONY PASTOR'S
444 COMIC SONGSTER,
Containing Eight of his latest Songs,
PRICE 5 CENTS.
Wholesale Dealers can be supplied at a liberal discount.
For sale at 444 Broadway, N. Y. 44-2t*

M'LLE MARIE ZOE, the beautiful Spanish and Opera Danseuse is now fulfilling a brilliant engagement at the Washington Varieties, Washington, D. C. All business communications to be addressed to her agent. B. YATES,
44-1t* Ballet Master, at the above Place.

PITTSBURGH THEATRE.
The Spring Season opens March 2d. Ladies and gentlemen wishing engagements will address
WM. HENDERSON, Manager.
All the prominent stars appear here in rapid succession. [43-4t

NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE.—This popular place of Amusement is now open for the Season, with a full and Talented Company. STARS wishing Nights will please address
C. T. PARSLOE, New York,
or B. R. MAGINLEY, Acting Manager,
28-14t Box 410 Memphis, Tenn.

MISS EVA BRENT,
THE ACCOMPLISHED VOCALIST,
Is now playing a highly successful engagement at the
WASHINGTON VARIETIES, Washington, D. C.
Business communications should be addressed to
J. W. ALLINSON, Treasurer Continental Theatre,
Philadelphia, Pa.
41-4t*

A FIRST CLASS ENTERTAINMENT can make a Long Engagement by addressing the undersigned. The Holman Opera Troupe preferred. SAMUEL S. SANFORD,
44-1t* Opera House, Harrisburg, Pa.

ONLY BILL POSTERS IN BALTIMORE.—J. W. HARPER & Co., No. 3 North st. (basement.) 41-12t*

FINDING A RELIC.

A Relic strange from my bachelor hoards,
You show me with crimsoning face;
A little thimble of silver fine—
Art thou not wondering, bird of mine,
Whose finger it used to grace?

Hath it a history? Yes, ah! yes,
For she who that relic wore,
Every pulse of my soul could stir
With a look or a touch, while I, to her
Was a cousin—a boy—no more.

She wedded. And I, a frequent guest,
Flung on a couch with my books—
With jealous pangs I could scarcely hide,
Have watched his gestures of love and pride,
And the answering joy in her looks.

And the better I liked to see her sit
Alone in her easy chair,
Her mien more pensive, her cheek more pale,
Busied with work, that was telling a tale
Of a new-known pleasure and care.

Of work forgotten—her dark eyes closed—
Her fancy with sweet dreams rife,
Of a tiny form by her arm caressed
A baby face to her bosom pressed—
The mother as well as the wife.

'Twas thus I saw them—mother and babe—
But shrouded with flow'rets fair;
Unconscious both, as they calmly slept,
Of the bitter tears that he and I wept—
Of the long, long vigils we sadly kept—
Kept in our love and despair!

From the work her fingers would touch no more
I took that relic alone:
But your cheek is wet, and your lip is pale—
I should not have told this sorrowful tale—
Go, hide the relic, my own!

OLD DAVE'S COURTSHIP.

The first time I visited Dave's cabin—when I was an utter stranger to the old fellow—he began to tell me of his courting days, much to the disgust of Aunt Sally.

"I say, Mister," said he, "I and Sally here had the durndest, funniest thing happen to us when we was a courtin' that you ever hearn tell on"——

Sally (interrupting)—Now, Dave, don't go tellin' that old yarn over again; it's too bad, I declare it is.

Dave—Hold your tater, old 'oman, and don't interrupt me afore the gentleman; you know every word of it is true, so you do.

Sally—No, I don't know so I don't.

Dave—Well, as I'se agoin' to say, Mister, I was rich. We all lived in old Kentuck then, and a purty wild sort of country it was, too. Plenty of bars, and painters, and Ingins, and sitch like. Why, sir, we thought no more of killin' a bar then than I think of killin' a hog now; and you may be sure I don't think much of that. Well, as I'se a sayin', it was a purty wild country. We all lived there; and Mr. Thatch, old Tom Thatch—Sal's dad—he lived there too, and a mortal queer old customer he was, I can tell you. When he built his house, he dug a hole in the side of the hill to set it in—the top of the house and the top of the hill were just even. Then, you see, he didn't have to build no chimbley; cause why, he jest went to work on the top of the hill to diggin' a hole about five feet acrost; and he kept on a diggin' it till he got clean down to a level with the floor; and then he came down into the house and dug out a allfired big fireplace till it reached the bottom of the hole; after which, you see, he was ready to fire up. Well, one orful cold night in the winter, arter Sal, here, and me, we got things purty well along——

Sally (interrupting again)—Now, Dave, do for goodness sakes quit a' tellin' on that. I think I'd be ashamed on myself, so I would!

Dave—Pucker up, old 'un, pucker up till I get through, and then it'll come your turn. As I'se a sayin', we got things purty fur along—that is, I'd popt the question to Sal, and she'd sed yes, and we'd both well nigh got over it, and I was a goin' to ax the old folks in the mornin', though I must own as how I felt kinder ashamed to do it. Well, Sal and me, we was a settin' up afore the fire—which was an orful big one, made out'n logs—and we was a sayin' lovin' things to one another, and a huggin' and a kissin'.

Sally—Dave, Dave! you know that ain't so, now, so you do. You know well enough that I wouldn't a begun to a let you kiss me afore we was married!

Dave—As I'se a goin' to say, we was a settin' up afore the fire enjoyin' ourselves purty well. It was away late in the night. The old man and the old 'oman was in bed a snorin' away like sixty, and Sal and me, we was a enjoyin' ourselves purty well afore a rousin' big fire.

Sez I to her, "Sal, you can't begin to guess how well I likes ye!"

Sez she to me, "I speks yer a jokin', ain't ye?"

Sez I to her, "All but that! I likes ye better nor my own life. If I'd see ye in the river a drowndin', I'd jump right in and be drownded with you, so I would!"

Sez she, "Oh, no, Davey, I wouldn't let ye. But I specks yer a jokin'."

Sez I, "No, indeed, I'm in cold yarnest, if it war my last words on yearth! I wish I may die this minit if I don't like ye better'n all the rest of the gals in the world; yes, better'n enny thing else! If I don't tell ye the solid truth I hope the old scratch may come and carry me away afore I draw another breath!

These last words were scarcely out'n my mouth afore kur-thunder came some orful, skeery, tremenjous big lookin' thing down the chimbley, kerslatter right inter the fire, and commenced kickin' the blazin' chunks about the room, and a makin' an orful onearthly noise. Sal and me, we gin a couple of the dreadfulest screams ever before hearn in old Kentuck, and jumpin' up lit on the bed right atop of the old man and the old 'oman, and that was the last we know'd for a minit or two. When Sal and me, we came to our senses, we lookt up, and thar we seed her dad and her dad's old blind mare, and her dad was a leadin' her dad's old blind mare out'n the house by the foretop; and there was an orful smell of burnt hair in the room. Poor old mare! she'd got to stumblin' round, a pickin' at the green grass what the heat of the fire had caused to grow about the top of the old man's patent chimbley, and seein' as how she couldn't see a stim of anythin', the first thing she know'd she slipped in, and there's all on it.

THE MAGICAL "THREE."—In all ages the number three has had much mysterious significance, and it is said that the Arabic character, 3, signifies, in that language, the Trinity in Unity. However this may be, the character holds a high position in many of the secret orders of the present day, and one of their penmen has given the following deductions, principally from the ancient scriptures: "When the world was created, we find land, water, and sky; sun, moon, and stars. Noah had but three sons; Jonah was three days in the the whale's belly; our Savior passed three days in the tomb. Peter denied his Saviour thrice. There were three patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Abraham entertained three angels. Samuel was called three times; 'Simon, lovest thou me?' was repeated three times. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions for praying three times a day. Shadrach, Meshec, and Abednego, were rescued from the flames of the oven. The Ten Commandments were delivered on the third day. Job had three friends. St. Paul speaks of faith, hope, and charity—these three. Those famous dreams of the baker and the butler were to come to pass in three days; and Elijah prostrated himself three times on the body of the dead child. Samson deceived Delilah three times before she succeeded in discovering the secret of his strength. The sacred letters on the cross are I. H. S., so also the Roman motto was composed of three words, *'In hoc signo.'* There are three conditions for man—the earth, heaven, and hell. There is also a Holy Trinity. In Mythology, three Graces; Cerberus, with his three heads; Neptune, holding his three-toed staff; the oracle of Delphi cherished with veneration the tripod; and the nine Muses sprang from three. In nature, we have morning, noon, and night. Trees group their leaves in three; there is the three-leaved clover. Every ninth wave is a ground swell. We have fish, flesh, and foul. The majority of mankind die at thirty. What could be done in mathematics without the aid of the triangle?"

THE LATEST SENSATION.—The last sensation in Paris is a man who has a perfect genius for making and fitting women's dresses. He is called the Pontiff of Petticoat. When he tries a dress upon a lady of the Chaussee d'Antin, it is with the most profound contemplation that he touches, fits, measures, and marks with chalk the defective fold in the stuff. Anon he steps back, and better to judge the effect of his handiwork at a distance, he holds his hand before his eye like an opera glass, and resumes, with an inspired finger, the work of modeling the dress of his customer. Sometimes he plants a flower here, or tries on a ribbon there, in order to test the general harmony of the toilette, and all this time the Eve in process of manufacture stands motionless and resigned, and allows her creator to proceed with the work of her creation in silence. At last, when he has moulded the figure according to his idea, he takes his place at the other end of the room, and seats himself upon a sofa with his head thrown back, and directs his work as with a conductor's baton. "To the right, madam!" and the lady turns accordingly. "To the left!" and around she goes. "Face me!" and she looks straight at the artist. "Right about face!" and the observe is presented. In this manner a German princess, acclimated at Paris, executes, at the order of a man, a complete course of drill, after which he dismisses her with a royal gesture. "That will do, madam." He not only makes the ladies dresses, but he puts the dresses on the ladies. Sometimes as many as fifty carriages are in front of his door at the same time, the feminine owners being up stairs having their dresses put on, as a dress should be put on. For cutting a dress, he charges $10; for dressing a lady, he charges $15, for fitting her for a dinner, $20, and $25 for a party.

HE OUGHT TO KNOW.—An exchange, in puffing soap, says "It is the best ever used for cleansing a dirty man's face. We have used it, and therefore we know."

A LUCKY FIND.—A gentleman on entering the reading-room of the Kursal, at Baden-Baden, the great German gambling town, found a louis at the foot of a chair. No one was in the room at the time, and the gentleman said to himself:—

"This coin belongs to chance, and now let chance do what it likes with it.

And so he went into the play-room, and threw it on the table. In three minutes after, the piece became a rouleau, which, in the twinkling of an eye, became in its turn several bank-notes. The gentleman took them up, and, on returning to the reading room, saw another gentleman earnestly looking for something on the ground.

"What have you lost?" asked the first.

"Oh, nothing but a twenty-franc piece, which I am sure I must have dropped somewhere here."

"I found it," said the other; and without hesitation he handed over to him four notes of one thousand francs each, and some gold, remarking:—

"You say it was a twenty-franc piece you lost; it is not my fault if the tapis vert has changed it into paper; but if you regret the transformation, the play-room is now open, and will very soon transform it into less than the gold-piece;"

The original owner of the twenty-franc piece did not require much pressing to induce him to take the windfall so unexpectedly offered him.

CROSS READINGS.—When you have leisure, take up a newspaper and read it crossways, and see what lots of fun you will have. Here is a specimen:—Auction; There will be sold this day in front of Josiah B. King's store, at 10 o'clock, A. M., one horse; one harness, and another horse—Also, at the same time and place—Wanted, a wet nurse, enquire at the—Packing house of Murray & King, where all kinds of—Perfumery are sold and—Sausages—Made to order and warranted to fit, or no sale—If the young gentleman who signs himself Matrimony will enquire at—The poor house is undergoing thorough repairs, and will be soon ready for—We are satisfied the Republican majority will not be—Over ten bushels to the acre, which has no doubt been caused by the inclemency of—Gen. McClellan's removal will no doubt cause a great fluttering among the—Prairie chickens are said to be more plenty this year than they have been for—Six thousand years, we are told, is the age of this world of ours; but geologists inform us that—We are selling coal at $3 50 per ton delivered—To our address, enclosing a postage stamp—We should like to know when our city authorities are going to remove those—Choice sugars—at 30 cents per yard, also—Five large bull pups—Spring patterns, and warranted not to fade—For further particulars see—Common council proceedings—&c., &c.

ROMANTIC LOVE SCENE.—'Tis past the hour of midnight. The golden god of day, who yesterday drove his emblazoned chariot through the heavens, has ceased shining on the earth, and a black pall reigns over the lowest section of our city. Nothing is heard, save the distant step of the melancholy bill poster, as he pursues his homeward way! Suddenly a sound breaks the stillness; it is the voice of Frederick William, calling upon his beloved Florence Amelia.

"Throw open the latice, love, and look down upon the casement, for I, your dear Frederick, am here."

"What brings thee, at this time of the night, when all is still and gloomy?"

"I come to offer thee my heart. Upon my soul I love thee—truly—wildly—passionately love thee. Dost thou reciprocate?"

The maiden blushed as she hesitated.

"Ah!" cried he, and the face of our hero lit up with a sardonic smile; "thou lovest another!"

"No, no, no!" cried Florence.

"Then why not rush to this bosom that is bursting to receive thee?"

"Because," replied the innocent but still trembling damsel, "I'm *undressed!*"

ALL MIXED UP.—A certain witness in an assault and battery suit we once heard, mixed things up considerably, in giving his account of the affair. After relating how Dennis came to him and struck him, he proceeded:—

"So yer honor, I just hauled of and wiped his jaw. Just then his dog cum along, and I hit him again."

"Hit the dog?"

"No, yer honor, hit Dennis. And then I up with a stun and throwed it at him, and rolled him over and over,"

"Threw a stone at Dennis?"

"At the dog, yer honor. And he got up and hit me again."

"The dog?"

"No, Dennis. And with that he stuck his tail betwixt his legs and run off."

"Dennis?"

"No, the dog. And when he came back at me he got me down and pounded me yer honor."

"The dog came back at you?"

"No, Dennis, yer honor, and he isn't hurt any at all."

"Who isn't hurt?"

"The dog, yer honor."

STRANGE SOMNAMBULISM.—A matter-of-fact, unconscious Scotchman opens his autobiography in an English periodical in the following words:—

"I am not in the slightest degree of an imaginative turn of mind; I farm my own land; I am church-warden of our parish; fifty years of age, and weigh one hundred and eighty-five pounds. My memory is far from good. There has been no instance of somnambulism in our family, except during the last Oxford vacation, when my eldest boy was observed by his mother walking sound asleep, but with his eyes open, towards the maid-servant's room. He had apparently not gone to bed, but must have fallen asleep with his clothes on. On my wife's getting a new maid, there was no recurrence of Frederick's complaint: so it would not be fair to consider that solitary instance a proof that such tendency is in the family."

AN EDITOR'S OPINION ON BILLIARDS.—Somebody wrote to the Bucyrus *Journal* a letter of inquiry as to billiards, to whom the editor replied as follows:—"Yes, sir, we can tell you all about billiards. It is a game consisting of two men in their shirt sleeves, punching balls about on a table, and presenting the keeper of the table with fifteen cents, or as is commonly the case in this country, telling him to mark it down. This last mentioned custom has given them the title of billiard markers. If you have a decided genius for the game, you will make a superior player at the expense of about $100. Blacksmiths, carpenters, etc., play it for exercise. It was invented by a shrewd saloon keeper, who was not satisfied with the profit of whiskey, and was too much opposed to temperance to water it.

A SURE REMEDY.—Much has been said about the "happy despatch" among the Japanese. But the Chinese often despatch a poor wretch in a somewhat unhappy manner. A letter dated Shanghae, states that the keeper of an eating house in that city had a few days before charged a visitor with eating a quantity of rice not paid for, when an angry dispute arose. A mandarin was sent for, who ordered the victim to be ripped open to ascertain whether he had swallowed the food. It was done and no rice found. A false charge had been made; and to put things right, according to the Chinese idea, the head of the accuser was quickly taken off, when the magistrate was ready for another job.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A HEARTY LAUGH.—No other exercise is equal to laughing. Nothing acts so directly and happily upon the organs within, both chest and abdomen. Ten hearty laughs, real shouts, will do more to advance the greatest health and vitality than an hour spent in the best attitudes and motions, if done in a sober, solemn spirit. Of course, I know you can't laugh at will, so you must play with the dog, play with your children, introduce a hundred games which involve competition and fun. Open the folding doors, move back the centre table, and go it. Play with the bags, run for the pins, play any of the games which you can recall from your early experience. One good laugh is worth more than medicine to restore health.

PRINTER'S TALK.—Every profession has its technical terms, and of course the printers have a "smattering," which is only intelligible to the craft. The following is a specimen. It don't mean, however, as much as it would seem to the uninitiated:—

"Jim, put Gen. Beauregard on the galley, and then finish the murder of that nigger you commenced yesterday. Set up the ruins of Guyandotte; distribute the small pox; you need not finish that mutiny; put the mumps in the paper this week. Pitch that pie into hell, and then go to the devil, and he will tell you how to dispose of the dead matter."

Not much wonder that Dr. Faustus was burnt for inventing such a satanical art.

ABOUT "BOSOMS."—We find the following strange advertisement in a Salem, Mass., paper: "Bosoms—just opened. A fine bosom for 17 cents—a very nice bosom at 25 cents. Our stock of bosoms is full, and at very low prices." This is the most frightful picture of immorality we have ever happened to see. The "full" and "very nice" bosoms are all well enough—in fact they are rather favorites with the community in that shape; but the idea of "opening" them at 17 and 25 cents, is shameful, and we hope that Salem may never say anything more about New York or Paris after that.

GARTERING ABOVE THE KNEE.—A lady in Milwaukee discussing the garter question, writes:—

"You will take notice that just above the knee there is no hollow or depression in which a garter could be retained, no depression on which it could make a hold."

To which the *Buffalo Republic* modestly replies:—

"Will we take notice? Couldn't think of it. We don't know anything about garters. Don't want to. May be worn about the waist for all we know. Take notice, indeed!"

HE HAD HIM THAT TIME.—A candidate for office, wishing to describe his opponent as a "soulless man," said:—"Some persons hold the opinion that just at the precise moment after one human being dies, another is born, and the soul enters and animates the new-born babe. Now, I have made particular inquiries concerning my opponent, and I find that, for some hours before he drew breath, nobody but a donkey died. Fellow-citizens, I will now leave you to draw the inference."

IN A FIX.—That was a stoutish woman, the widow of the tower keeper at Andernach, whom his successor in office was obliged to marry, as she was too fat to be got out of the building either by door or window.

QUEER PAPERS.—The paper having the largest circulation—the paper of tobacco.
Paper for the roughs—sand paper.
Paper containing many fine points—the paper of needles.
Ruled-paper—the French press.
The paper that is full of rows—the paper of pins.
Spiritualist's paper—(w)rapping paper,
Paper illustrated with cuts—editorial exchanges.
Drawing paper—the dentist's bill.
The favorite paper on railroads—car-pit paper.
A talking paper—sheriff's warrant.
Bank rags are not(e) paper.

DUTCH LOGIC.—A Dutchman had two pigs, a large one and a small one. The smallest being the oldest, he was trying to explain to a customer, and did it in this wise:—

"The little pig is the piggest."

Upon which his wife, assuming to correct him, said:—

"You will excuse him, he no speak so good English as me; he no means the little pig is the piggest, but the youngest pig is the oldest."

SEEN BETTER DAYS.—On a wet, foggy London day in autumn, Charles Lamb was accosted by a beggar woman with, "Pray, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor, destitute widow woman, who is perishing for lack of food. Believe me, sir, I have seen better days."

"So have I!" said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling; "so have I; it's a miserable day! Good by! good by!"

LOOKING TO THE "UNDERSTANDINGS."—"In my time, miss," said a stern aunt, "the men looked at the women's faces instead of their ancles." "Ah! my dear aunt," retorted the young lady, "you see the world has improved, and is more civilized than it used to be. It looks more to the understanding."

BORN WITHOUT A HEAD.—A female "dorg" gave birth to nine "purps" the other day at Sacramento, one of which came into the world with out a head. As the "purp" stood no chance to make a living among so many brothers and sisters with heads, he up and died.

TOUCHING SIMPLICITY.—Deeply were we affected on reading, the other day, of a young lady, who, being told that her lover had been suddenly killed, exclaimed, "Oh! that splendid gold watch of his—give me that—give me something to remember him by!"

SKATING MATCH.—A match recently came off on the Hudson River, at New Baltimore, the contestants being Nelson Disnk, of Stuyvesant Landing, and Dederick Gage, of New Baltimore. The former was the winner, who now challenges the State, for $200; distance, five miles or upwards.

THE CURSE OF WAR.—An old maid, who has her eye a little sideways on matrimony, says:—"The curse of this war is, that it will make so many widows, who will be fierce to get married, and who know how to do it, that modest girls will stand no chance at all."

WHAT THEY DID.—They took thy boots, and took thy coats, my Maryland; and paid for them in Confed notes, my Maryland; they gobbled down thy corn like goats, and rooted out thy truck like shoats, but then they didn't get thy votes or volunteers, my Maryland!

CHANGE OF RESIDENCE.—A western paper strikes the names of two subscribers from its list, because they were recently hung in Texas. The publisher says he was compelled to be severe, because he did not know their present address.

DOUBLE BANKED.—A printer's apprentice, who attempted to do the agreeable to a clergyman's daughter, was greatly shocked when her father announced the text: "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

AN ACCOMMODATING LADY.—At a recent conference meeting in Pennsylvania, the members were asked, "How many bethren can you accommodate at your house?" One lady arose, saying, "I can *sleep* two, but I can *eat* as many as you can send along."

TRUE ENOUGH.—Many persons think themselves perfectly virtuous, because, being well fed, they have no temptation to vice. They don't distinguish between virtue and victuals.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, in every town and village, an agent of either sex to engage in a light and profitable business, by which from $8 to $12 per week can be made. Persons having leisure evenings can maks from 50 cts to $1 per evening. A sample with full particulars sent by mail to all who inclose three letter stamps (9 cts) and address
44-4t* IRA RUSSELL & CO., Hooksett, N. H.

A GAY AND FESTIVE COLORED PHOTOGRAPH for 30 cts, four for $1. Address EUGENE ALEXANDER,
44-1t* Roxbury, Mass.

DIARRHŒA AND DYSENTERY will decimate the Volunteers far more than the bullets of the enemy, therefore let every man see to it that he carries with him a full supply of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. Their use in India and the Crimea saved thousands of British Soldiers. Only 25 cts per box. [213

FANCY PIGEONS, GAME FOWLS, &c., for sale.—Address box 2600, Post Office, Boston, Mass. 44-8t*

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS of Hogarth's celebrated Pictures of BEFORE and AFTER, 25 cts each. Also, his design for the Lid of a SNUFF BOX. Price 25 cents each, and sent post paid, by J. N. COX, 84 Nassau street, N. Y. 44-1t

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS!—ALL DESCRIPTIONS—Sent post paid, for 25 cents plain, and 50 cents colored, by
44-1t J. N. COX, 84 Nassau street, N. Y.

"DAYS" SEALED CIRCULAR LETTERS"—a pleasant surprise to our patrons, will be mailed this week to all who have applied. Send three cent stamp to
43-2t CHAS. HENRY DAY, New Haven, Conn.

THE PAPER PANIC!—Now is the time to buy BOOKS and PRINTS, before they advance. Send three cent stamp for our "SEALED CIRCULAR LETTER."
43-2t CHAS. HENRY DAY, New Haven, Conn.

"EVERY PATRIOTIC CITIZEN" uses "UNCLE SAM'S TOOTH POWDER. Young and old, little and big, use it. Two oz. boxes free by mail for 30 cents. Address
J. H. MARTIN, Ag't, Hawley, Pa.,
43-2t* Inventor and Manufacturer.

HO! YOUNG MAN!—Those horrid BOILS, PIMPLES, &c., on the FACE, CURED! Actually cured! No Humbug! Full medicine, with instructions, sent to any address on receipt of Twelve Stamps. Address J. H. MARTIN, P. O. box 12, Hawley, Pa. 39-6t*

BOOKS, PRINTS, NOVELTIES, etc., "sealed," by mail. Send for "Sealed Circular Letter." CHAS. HENRY DAY, New Haven, Conn. 42-3t

A BEAUTIFUL MICROSCOPE Magnifying 500 times, for 28 cents, (coin preferred.) Five of different power, for $1.00; mailed free. Address F. K. BOWEN.
37-3m* Box 220, Boston, Mass.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED BOOK AGENCY. Send for a Circular. HENRY STEPHENS, 85 Nassau st. 43-tf

SEND FOR A MAMMOTH PACKAGE, containing Four Fancy Articles; price 25 cents. Also, Rubber Goods for Gentlemen's use. Address J. H. FARRELL, 15 Ann street, near Broadway, N. Y. 43-tf

THE SECRET FOR SPORTING MEN!!!—A CURIOUS CONTRIVANCE, by which much Pleasure can be derived. Price, 50 cts. Sent by return mail. Address Box 29, Belmont, Mass. 43-2t*

CRAVING FOR TOBACCO CURED.—Send 36 cents to the Inventor and Proprietor. Agents wanted. Warranted to cure. No Humbuggery at all. Try it. Address the manufacturer. J. H. MARTIN, box 12, Hawley, Pa. 43-2t*

WORDEN HOUSE,
CORNER OF BOWERY AND BAYARD STREETS, N. Y.
Guests can be accommodated with Rooms by the day or week, with or without board. GEO. P. WORDEN, Proprietor. 40-3m

JAMES GOODWIN, Commission Paper Dealer, No. 110 JOHN STREET, near Cliff, New York.
News and Printing Paper manufactured to order at the shortest notice. 38-tf

BOOKS ON LOVE, AS USUAL.—Catalogues sent free. No fraud practised. JOHN ATCHISON,
36-3mk* 93 Duane street, New York.

STEREOCOWPANICVIEW. Send 25 cts. to BECKNER & Co., P. O. Box 5027, N. Y. 44-1t*

BOOKS, SPORTING GOODS, etc. Send for a Circular. P. O. Box 1256, N. Y. 43-tf

A STEREOSCOPE, and 12 Fancy Colored Views, complete, in a neat case, by mail, free for 50 cts. Address
43-4t* FRED PARSELLS & BRO., Box 2085 P. O., N. Y. City.

FOR GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION.—A Sensation Paper. Address FRED. PARSELLS & BROTHER,
43-4t* Box 2085, New York City, P. O.

BYRN'S PAT. IMPROVED MICROSCOPE.—36 cts., free by mail. A full explanatory circular for one stamp.
43-2t* J. H. MARTIN, Hawley, Pa.

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

JULIA WRIGHT—CANTO III.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The brow of Julia Wright was most commanding,
Though dark; like Pallas' it was broad and high,
Telemachus, when on Calypso landing,
Could not have seen such brow without a sigh.
'Tis strange, that speaking of her understanding,
My thoughts glide to her foot—I know not why;
That petite foot, by sailor's called a "clipper,"
Too small for even Cinderella's slipper.

It may be asked why, if Julia had such a dark skin she did not use Gouraud's ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, which, it is well known, will remove tan, freckles, pimples, sallowness, ringworm, wrinkles, chaps, chafes, tetter, morphew, or any other skin deformity? For an answer to the query, the reader is referred to the sequel. Gouraud's POUDRES SUBTILES will infallibly eradicate superfluous hair from any part of the frame. Gouraud's LIQUID HAIR DYE has the singular property of changing light, gray, or red hair, to the most magnificent black or brown. Gouraud's LIQUID ROUGE imparts a permanent rose tint to pale cheeks. Gouraud's ORIENTAL CREAM warranted free from all mineral substances.

DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S preparations can be had at his new and splendid establishment, 453 Broadway, three doors below Grand street, removed from his old depot, 67 Walker street, established a quarter of a century. Also of Hays, Brooklyn; Bates, 129 Washington street, Boston; Collender, Philadelphia, and others who chooseto send cash orders. Forwarded by Express, and circulars sent free.

PHELAN'S IMPROVED

BILLIARD TABLES
AND
COMBINATION CUSHIONS.
Protected by Letters Patent dated Feb. 19, 1856; Oct. 27, 1857; Dec. 8, 1857; Jan. 12, 1858; Nov. 16, 1858; March 29, 1859; and September 29, 1860.
The recent improvements in these Tables make them unsurpassed in the world. They are now offered to scientific Billiard players as combining speed with truth never before obtained in any Billiard table. Also,
PHELAN'S NEW BOOK—"The Game of Billiards," 4th edition, enlarged, revised, illustrated with additional diagrams and a portrait on steel of the author. Price, one dollar, elegantly bound, sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price.
Address, PHELAN & COLLENDER,
1 63, 65, 67, and 69 Crosby street

GREAT BOOKS!!
NEW BOOKS! NEW BOOKS!!
DON'T FAIL TO SEND FOR A CATALOGUE.
OUR NEW CATALOGUE NOW READY.
SENT FREE—POSTAGE PAID—ON APPLICATION.
THE OLD ESTABLISHED AND ONLY RELIABLE BOOK AND SPORTING GOODS AGENCY.
Where orders are promptly and faithfully executed,
Address, THOMAS ORMSBY, Marble Building,
1 86 Nassau Street, New York.

THE YOUNG AMERICA FIRM
AND
GENERAL PURCHASING AGENCY,
CONDUCTED BY
EDGAR, MORPHY & CO.,
at 81 Nassau street,
New York,
Are now prepared, with increased facilities, to supply Books, Cards, Prints, Photographs of Statesmen, Literary men, Actors and Actresses, Vocalists, Army and Navy Officers, and Pugilists, Newspapers and Magazines (foreign and domestic), Boxing Gloves, Perfumery, Jewelry, etc., etc.
Stereoscopic Views, Song Books, Hoyle's Games, Boxing Books, Novels, etc.
LONDON, PARIS, BRUSSELS,
AND
YANKEE NOTIONS.
Send for Catalogues.
Send for Catalogues.
Send for Catalogues.
Register your money letters at our risk.
tf-33 EDGAR, MORPHY & CO

TO FANCIERS OF THE GAME FOWL AND POULTRY BREEDERS GENERALLY.
I have on hand and for sale, a very fine lot of Stags and Pullets (bred from my Imported Game Fowls) that were hatched in March. The Stags are all dubbed and in good heart, and as the Pullets are about commencing to lay, it would be desirable for purchasers to make early application. Some of the Stags are six and a half pounds already, and would make a most capital cross where size is desired. JNO. R. ASHFORD,
39-8t 607 Callowhill street, Philadelphia.

"DO YOU WANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES?"—In 1852 I first asked this question. It was answered by numerous people; and I ask if any of them ever knew my Onguent to fail in doing all I claimed for it; namely: that it would compel the Beard or Moustache to grow upon the smoothest face within six weeks from the first application. Like all successful inventors, I have had to contend with a host of imitators, some of whom even go so far as to copy my advertisements. However, truth is mighty, and will prevail; and you, my beardless friends, will find that my Onguent is the only thing that will really force the Beard to grow, and will neither stain or injure the skin. I send it to any part of the country, free of postage, for $1. [19-1t*] B. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau street, N. Y.

"THE ACTRESS." 191 Double Column Pages, 13 full pages, illustrative, 50c; "Memoirs of an Actress," 50c; "Opera Dancer," 50; "Clifford and the Actress," 50c; "New York Naked," 50c; "Orphan Seamstress," 25c; "Caroline Tracy," 25c; "Fast Life," 25c; Loves of Paris," 50c; "Juliete Moore," 25c; "Boxing," 13c; "Kate Vaugh," 10c; "Charley Hunter," 11 engravings, 25c; "Daring Deeds of Good and Bad Women," 25c. Our sealed Circular letter, 3c. Send above prices to
34-tf CHAS. H. DAY, New Haven, Conn.

WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHES.—Do not buy Onguents and Recipes at $1, which after you receive them are worthless, but send 30 cents and get a pair of beautiful Artificial WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHES," as natural as real ones. Send soon, as I have only a few pair to dispose of, and don't miss the chance. Address
43-2t* J. H. MARTIN, Hawley, Pa.

XLNT.—Reduction in Price. Our Famous Bijou Fancy Package, with "additional attractions," containing Sketches, Songs, Jokes, Toasts, FIVE BOOK CIRCULARS and a COLORED ENGRAVING, sent to any address on receipt of 13 Cents. NO HUMBUG. EDGAR, MORPHY & CO.,
29-4t 81 Nassau Street, New York.

PLAYING CARDS,
And all articles used in
GAMES OF AMUSEMENT AND CHANCE.
Manufactured and Sold by
M. NELSON,
42-4f 421 Broadway, New York.

GAME FOWL.—The undersigned offers for sale his entire stock of GAME FOWLS, comprising selections from the best stock in America, and carefully bred by himself. All Fowls sold by me, I warrant Dead Game. Reference given if required. Address PETER BRANSON,
37-6m* 1009 Portland street, Philadelphia.

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!
SPORTING ARTICLES, CARDS AND PRINTS,
J. H. FARRELL, Bookseller, 15 Ann street, N. Y.
Books of every variety, either Foreign or Domestic, furnished on application. Parties desiring books of any description, by sending address, post paid, will receive immediate attention. All Books, Sporting and Fancy Articles you may see advertised, will be furnished to order. Catalogues sent on application. Address, J. H. FARRELL, dealer in Books and Fancy Articles, No. 15 Ann street, New York. 43

HOW TO WIN AT CARDS.—Send your address and two red stamps to HOWARD M. GRAVES, New York City Post Office, and he will inform you of a SURE method of winning at ALL the various games. Try it; and get an answer by return mail. 32-3m*

A NEW ENTERPRISE.—Something worthy of your attention. Full particulars free, by enclosing a stamp to J. H. MARTIN, Hawley, Pa. 43-2t*

SINCLAIR TOUSEY,
121 NASSAU STREET,
GENERAL AGENT FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

M. T. TYLER, PRINTER 44 ANN ST., 4th Floor.